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—

THE BEAVER INDIANS

BY

PLINY EARLE GODDARD.

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By Pliny Earle Goddard.

INTRODUCTION.

The material presented in this paper was secured during the summer of 1913, spent on the Peace River. Arriving at Vermilion June 18, a visit was first made to the Slavey on Hay River on the occasion of the payment of the treaty money. The month of July and the first two weeks of August were spent with the Beaver on Paddle River, particular attention being given to the language and the securing of myths and tales in the form of texts. During the latter half of August and September the Beaver of Fort St. John and Dunvegan were visited. About half of this time was consumed in travel; and work with the Indians was difficult because suitable interpreters were not available.

Not much of ethnological interest is directly observable at Vermilion since the outward aspects of life have yielded to the long continued influence of the fur traders. Conditions in that respect appear to be better at Fort St. John, but the Indians had left or were on the point of leaving for the fall hunting. The few ethnological notes here presented were mostly secured incidentally to the linguistic work and the collecting of specimens.

The sounds of Beaver are represented as follows: — a, e, i, o, u, nearly as in *father*, *met*, *pique*, *bone*, and *rule;* û as in *but;* ą, ę, į, ǫ, ų, nasalized; c as *sh;* x as *jota* in Spanish; ł, a lateral surd spirant; ʿ glottal stop; after a consonant indicates glottalization of the consonant.

February 14, 1916.

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ETHNOLOGICAL NOTES.

The Beaver Indians occupy the region of the Peace River from the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia along the Peace River to the falls about forty miles below Vermilion. They now exist in three geographical groups.

Trading at Fort St. John are one hundred and two individuals according to the report of the Canadian Government for 1914. They hunt northward to the headwaters of the Liard River and camp as far down the Peace as the North Pine River where the first trading post for them was established.[1] They are now in three small bands each with a headman. In many respects they are more primitive than either of the other two groups. Mackenzie called this group the Rocky Mountain Indians.[2] They are known to the Vermilion Beaver as, Tsa'ť'ū.

About Dunvegan are still one hundred and thirty Beaver, now settled on a reserve about fifteen miles north from the river. Until a generation ago they used to live on both sides of the river under one chief and gathered on the flat by the river at Dunvegan for their semi-annual reunion. They hunted northward to the headwaters of Hay River where they often met Beaver from Vermilion and Fort St. John, but not the Slavey of middle and lower Hay River. They also occupied considerable territory south of Peace River. They say there were no Indians living between themselves and the Fort St. John Indians on North Pine River.

Near Vermilion are one hundred and forty-eight Beaver Indians forming one political unit under a chief recognized by the Canadian Government. They live on a reserve along Paddle River, and hunt and trap westward toward Hay Lake, and north and eastward toward the Caribou Mountains.

There was formerly a considerable band near Peace River Crossing for whom trading posts were established about 1790. It was with this band that Mackenzie spent the winter of 1792–3 before setting out for the Pacific. There are a few individuals of this band still living. John Bourassa, who served as an interpreter, learned the Beaver language here where his father was married to a mixed blood. Between this group and those near Vermilion there are said to have been no early settlements of Beaver.

The Athapascan-speaking neighbors of the Beaver are the Chipewyan of Lake Athabasca to the east; the Slavey to the north on lower Hay River

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[1] For the destruction of this post see p. 28, below.

[2] Mackenzie, 145.

and upper Liard River; and the Sekani (Tsek'ene) of the Rocky Mountains to the west.

There were Cree living on Lesser Slave Lake when Mackenzie first visited Peace River. He speaks of the war road of the Cree from that lake to Peace River Crossing and mentions frequently the conflicts between the Cree and the Beaver. In Mackenzie's general account of the natives of western Canada he expresses his belief that the Cree had moved westward in comparatively recent times.[1] This statement apparently reflects a conclusion reached from the distribution of the tribes as they were then and is not based on any definite information as to the actual movements. A Beaver Indian of Dunvegan said that his grandfather told him that another tribe (meaning an Athapascan-speaking one) used to live on Lesser Slave Lake and that it had died out. After that the Cree occupied the region because of the fish to be had there.[2]

The antiquity of the Cree occupation is a matter of considerable interest because the Cree of Alberta separate the Beaver from the Assiniboin, Blackfoot, and Sarsi tribes of the Saskatchewan region, all having a Plains culture. The Sarsi furthermore are Athapascan-speaking, and as far as phonetics are concerned the Sarsi language is more nearly akin to Beaver than to any other east of the Rocky Mountains. It has been generally believed and sometimes stated that the Beaver and Sarsi separated only a short time ago. This assumption is based on two mutually contradictory Indian folk narratives. The Sarsi account has to do with the breaking of the ice as the band was marching across the lake. Those caught behind the break remained to become the Beaver; those who had already passed became the Sarsi; and those at the exact spot became the underwater people. The Beaver narrative tells of a battle and the withdrawal of the defeated party. The informant who gave the version which appears upon page 292 believed this to have happened at the beginning of the world when the tribes and languages were first differentiated, a Tower of Babel story.[3]

It is usual to find transitional tribes on the border of all well-defined culture areas like that of the Plains. The Sarsi and Blackfoot are typical Plains Indians of the northern type. The Beaver are definitely of the northern or Mackenzie culture area. The Cree, however, south of Edmonton, are Plains-like with a sun dance, etc., and north of Edmonton transi-

[1] Mackenzie, LXXII, LXXXI, 146.

[2] I told the chief I had heard Lesser Slave Lake was Beaver country, what did he know about it. He said, "There used to be another tribe there (Beaver) but they died out and the Cree came in on account of the fish. It was the only place they could get fish." I asked how long ago. The chief said, "I did not mean to say I knew it was so but that was what my grandfather told me."

[3] Goddard, (c), 267 and p. 292 below.

tional toward the north, but with many traits similar to those of the Eastern Cree.

The Beaver Indians on Peace River were not in direct contact with Europeans until about 1786, although they had felt the indirect influence of fur traders for some years before that date. A trading post was established on the Athabasca River about thirty miles south of Lake Athabasca in 1778. Traders of the various companies had visited the Saskatchewan further south since the middle of the eighteenth century. Even before that early date objects of European manufacture had been brought westward from Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay by the Cree. This indirect influence manifested itself chiefly, as far as can be determined, through the better arms possessed by these Cree neighbors of the Beaver. This fact is referred to in several of the narratives included in this volume. The bows, arrows, and spears could not compete with flintlock muskets. According to Mackenzie, the Beaver first secured arms in 1782. Ten years later, when Mackenzie wintered near Peace River Crossing, bows and arrows were but little used.[1]

Shelter.

The ordinary dwelling of the Beaver was a tipi of the general Northern or Chipewyan type. It has a three-pole foundation but these poles are usually not tied at the place of crossing as is the case in the Plains, since they are either forked or have projecting limbs so that they interlock.[2] The tops of the remaining poles which make up the foundation rest in the top of this tripod. Suitable poles are easily secured in the north and are not ordinarily moved from place to place but are left standing. Old camp grounds are marked by these poles which in sheltered situations stand for several years.

The cover of the tipi in former days was made of the skins of the caribou or moose. In one story Agait'osdûnne wishes for thirteen caribou skins from which a new tipi could be made.[3] Mackenzie speaks of tipi covers as mooseskins, which are also said to have been in use in the Fort St. John region until recently. It seems queer that no mention is made of the use of buffalo skins, which were ordinarily used for this purpose in the Plains, since the animals were plentiful in parts of the Beaver territory. The

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[1] Mackenzie, 146.

[2] It was noted that in one case a slip noose had been drawn around all the poles at their place of crossing and fastened to a stake outside the tipi to prevent the upsetting of the tipi in strong winds.

Page 240.

Fig. 1. Beaver Camp near Dunvegan.
Fig. 2. Drying Fruit for Winter Use.

striking difference in appearance between the tipis of the north and those of the Plains is that the cover of the latter fits closely around the crossing of the poles which are so placed as to occupy as little space as possible. The cover of the northern tipi leaves a considerable opening at the top (Figs. 1 and 2).

Temporary camps in summer are made by throwing together trees with the leaves on them so that they rest upon a tripod foundation. Trappers and other travelers overtaken in winter away from tipis build windbreaks of brush which in addition to keeping off the wind reflect back the heat of the fire.

Transportation.

Because of the great distances and sparse population of the north, the matter of transportation is an important one. For property this is in a large measure avoided by means of caches. Each family, or larger band, visits the same localities at different seasons each year. In spring the property pertaining to life in winter is stored out of the reach of animals, usually in thick timber, but sometimes on a platform supported by four or more posts. The customs of the country are such that only the most shameless of men will take anything from such a cache. The wolverine gives the greatest trouble, for, according to the testimony of both Indians and whites, that animal will rob a cache as a mere piece of mischief, or if he cannot do that he will defile it from above if possible. The stories mention food stored in caches to which starving bands resorted.[1]

In summer, canoes were used for water travel. These were built of birchbark or sprucebark on a frame after the Chipewyan and Cree method. When the spruce was used a single piece of bark was sufficient for a small canoe. It was folded, sewed at each end and provided with a proper frame of wood. No canoes of bark were seen among the Beaver, but their neighbors, the Slavey of Hay River, had both kinds in use and one of birchbark was building. Mackenzie mentions canoes of sprucebark.[2]

Horses have been introduced rather recently among the Beaver. In summer, goods were transported overland packed on the backs of dogs or carried by the Indians. Mackenzie remarks on the heavy loads carried by the Beaver women.[3] The travois seems not to have been used by the Beaver.

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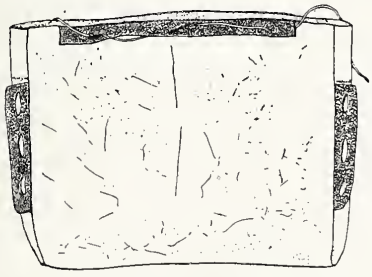
[1] Pp. 275, 279.
[2] Mackenzie, 207.
[3] Mackenzie, 147.

In winter the toboggan is used. This is made of two thin boards bent in a curve at the front and fastened together by crossbars attached to the upper side. Mackenzie mentions that this was drawn by the Indians. The Chipewyan of Cold Lake say that dog traction is recent.[1] It is common at the present time; each household has its dog train which is kept closely tied up during the summer.

Snowshoes of the Chipewyan type are used. They are long and narrow in distinction from the Cree type of nearly circular shoes.[2]

Food and small objects are stored and transported in large square bags made of skin with the hair left on. These are often made of the legskins



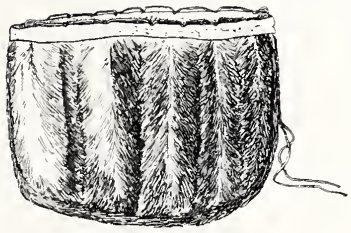


Fig. 3 (50.1–7703). Bag of Raw hide used in Pairs for packing Horses.
Fig. 4 (50.1–7662). Bag made by piecing together the Legskins of the Caribou.

of the caribou pieced together (Fig. 4), or of the headskins of the moose. For packing horses large bags of similar shape are made of rawhide in pairs, one for each side of the horse (Fig. 3). They serve much the same purpose as the rectangular parfleche of the Plains.

Food.

The struggle to secure a sufficient supply of food seems to have been especially severe for the Beaver. In many of the stories given below the statement is made that the band in question was starving. They practised no agriculture. The vegetable food was formerly limited to chokecherries, saskatoon, and other berries, and probably a few roots. These berries are dried in the sun and stored for winter use (Fig. 2). The inner bark of certain trees was also eaten.[3]

[1] Hearne describes similar sledges as used by the "Copper Indians" of his day and speaks of them as being drawn by the Indians, although he mentions that dogs were sometimes used for traction, pp. 323–5.

[2] Page 281.

[3] Mackenzie, 165.

One of the important food supplies is the large hare, or rabbit, as it is commonly called. These are generally snared by placing a slip noose stretched in the runways and attached to a spring pole so that the heedless rabbit pulls it loose and is thrown into the air. The women often tend these snares, and when rabbits are plentiful food of some sort may be had by everyone. But these rabbits die off periodically from some unknown cause. It is probable too that before the carnivorous animals were so generally trapped for fur, the enemies of the hare were more numerous and the hares themselves less plentiful. In summer when there are young rabbits their cries are imitated, either with or without a rabbit call (Fig. 5), and when the mother bounds out she is shot.

Fig. 5 (50.1–7656). Call used to imitate the Cry of Young Rabbits to bring the Mother Rabbit into View.

Next to rabbits the beaver was probably the most dependable of the game animals. The rainfall is not very great, but the country is flat and the drainage poor; evaporation is also comparatively slight. The beaver appear to have remade much of the country by damming the small streams, forming ponds from which canals extended in some cases many yards to small groves from which the beaver secured their food. The more usual method of taking beaver was to set up a row of poles forming a fence near the entrance to the lodge to prevent their escape. A hole was then chiseled through the top of the beaver house and the animals killed with a spear. In winter the task was a tedious one since the ground was solidly frozen.

When Mackenzie first passed up the Peace River he reported the plains bordering the river covered with numerous herds of buffalo and elk.[1] The buffalo seem to have been hunted solely on a community basis. The story of Agait'osdûnne[2] indicates very grave penalties for anyone who interfered with the community rights. The usual method was that of driving the animals into a pound.

Caribou seem not to have been so generally distributed over the Beaver territory. They are particularly numerous in a range of mountains north of the falls of Peace River, Caribou Mountains, where the Vermilion band often go to hunt them. They are shot, and killed while swimming streams and lakes.[3] No reference appears to driving them to frozen lakes and pounds although it is probable that method was also followed.

Bears are particularly numerous along Peace River and were so in Mackenzie's time. The grizzlies are now nearly extinct. According to the

[1] Mackenzie, pp. 130, 154–5, 163.
[2] Pp. 238, 241.
[3] P. 280.

stories,[1] black bears found in their dens in winter relieved and often saved starving travelers. They were killed with deadfalls and possibly shot with arrows. They are now killed with guns.

The largest and most generally distributed of the game animals was the moose. Throughout the greater part of the Beaver country there are a great many swamps, to the primitive number and size of which the many beaver have added considerably. There are also large tracts of timber especially along the streams and on the islands. Moose were always living in such places, but not even the best hunter was certain of approaching close enough to kill one. Perhaps in the case of no other animal were the game and the hunter so evenly matched in perceptions and cunning.[2] In every large band there were always a few Indians who lacked sufficient keenness, patience, and endurance to secure moose. Men of this sort are mentioned in the stories, and such men are still found among the Beaver. In contrast to these, there were a few very skilful hunters whose success was attributed to supernatural power, or to what really amounts to the same thing, a sup-

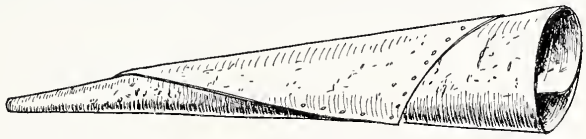


Fig. 6 (50.1–7658). Moose Call of Birchbark.

posed inclination of the moose toward the hunter. With the average men, the majority, the contest was so even that what is known as hunter's luck played a prominent part. When conditions were unfavorable and no moose were secured, in the absence of other food, the situation was desperate. The first day a hunter without food starts out with a fair prospect of being able to kill a moose. He is able to travel twenty or thirty miles and has a good chance of finding the track of a moose, which he may follow to success. The second day the chances are considerably less and by the third or fourth day the exertion and cold without a supply of food has completely worn him out. For this reason the hunters in a time of starvation were the first to die, and the women and children, not having exerted themselves, survived.

During the mating season of the moose their ordinary caution is in abeyance. A skilful hunter imitates the call of one sex and some member of the

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[1] Pp. 278, 282.
[2] P. 215.

opposite sex will rush up in answer to the call. A cone-shaped trumpet of birchbark is used in making these calls (Fig. 6). If the bushes be scraped with a dry shoulder blade any bull moose within hearing will answer the challenge. A hunter on snowshoes after a heavy fall of snow also has great advantage over moose.[1]

When game failed, bands of Indians went together to fish lakes which according to the stories, were also visited by the Cree, their enemies. These lakes abound south and east of Peace River. There are also many lakes and sloughs in the country north and west of Peace River but not many of them have edible fish. In winter time the fish were taken with a hook and line let down through a hole cut in the ice. In the spring when certain varieties of fish were migrating, walls of stone were built out from each shore of the smaller streams converging in the center where a trap was placed made of poles placed lengthwise of the stream. The water falling through between the poles left the fish helpless (Figs. 7, 8). Fish were also taken in seines stretched in the river where there was an eddy. The bottom of the net was weighted with stones and the top supported with floats. Stakes driven in the river were used for attaching the two ends of the net.

Clothing.

Very little information was obtained concerning clothing. Judging from dolls said to be dressed in the old style, it appears that the man's winter garment is a long coat or parka reaching nearly to the knees made of mooseskin with the hair outside. The sleeves were fitted on and the hood sewed to the garment. The coat was held in place by a belt and was probably fastened along the opening in front by tying with strings or with loops and toggles. The summer garment was probably skin, dressed without the hair. The legs were protected by long leggings fastened to an inner belt which also supported the breechcloth. This article of clothing was a broad strip of soft tanned leather passing between the legs and under the belt both before and behind. Moccasins of the soft sole variety are still worn not only by the Beaver and Cree but also by the white men of the North.

These moccasins (Fig. 9) consist of four pieces of soft tanned mooseskin. The main piece has the seam beginning on the lower side about an inch from the tip of the toe, running over the toe and up the median line of the foot about halfway to the ankle. To this piece around the sides and back is sewed a band about five inches wide which wraps around the ankle. This

[1] Page 260.

Fig. 7. Fish Weir across Paddle River at a Low Stage of Water.
Fig. 8. The Trap in a nearer View with Fish still in it.

is bound in place by passing both ends of a long string several times around the ankle, cross-lacing. The main portion of this string passes around the moccasin just below the seam which fastens the band to the sole. To keep the string in place it is passed through the mooseskin for a space of one-half inch, once either side of the heel and once in front. On the instep is an inserted piece of mooseskin usually decorated with silk. The decoration consists of three different colored rows of silk closely wrapped around a core of stiff hair. These rows cover the seam, and border the inserted piece. The lower part of this piece is further decorated with flower designs worked in silk. The fourth piece going to make up the moccasin is attached under

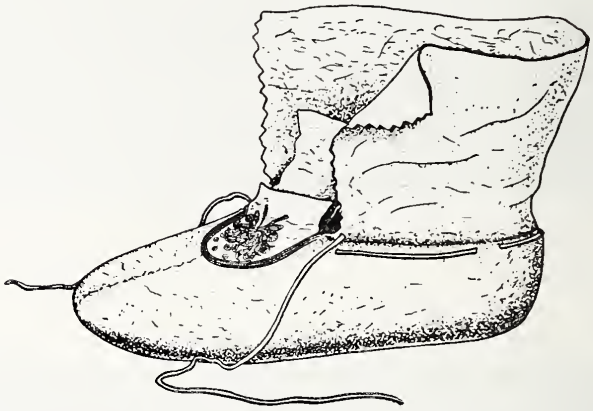


Fig. 9 (50.1–7691b). Soft-soled Moccasin of Moose skin decorated with Silk.

the decorated insert and comes well up the ankle under the lapping of the upper band. It is of thick mooseskin, usually a piece which has seen previous service, and is inserted to protect the ankle from the pressure of the string. These moccasins are very comfortable and wear well as long as they are kept dry. When used in the water, as when tracking a canoe, they last barely a day.

During the cold weather gloves are worn. Several pairs are in the collection but in pattern they seem to be imitations of gloves of European manufacture. They are generally decorated on the back with silk.

The garments on the doll obtained representing a woman are evidently not cut according to the old style and no exact information as to woman's dress is available.

Industrial Arts.

The former fire-making method among the Beaver was striking together stones.[1] One of the tales is about a man so shiftless he neglected to provide himself with such stones until snow fall. The firedrill seems to be unknown.

The main arts of the men were concerned with the making of weapons, the frames of snowshoes, and toboggans. The bow purchased was a simple one made of willow; the arrows were of birch, with a cylindrical head of moose horn (Fig. 10). Arrowheads of flint were of course used where great penetration was necessary.

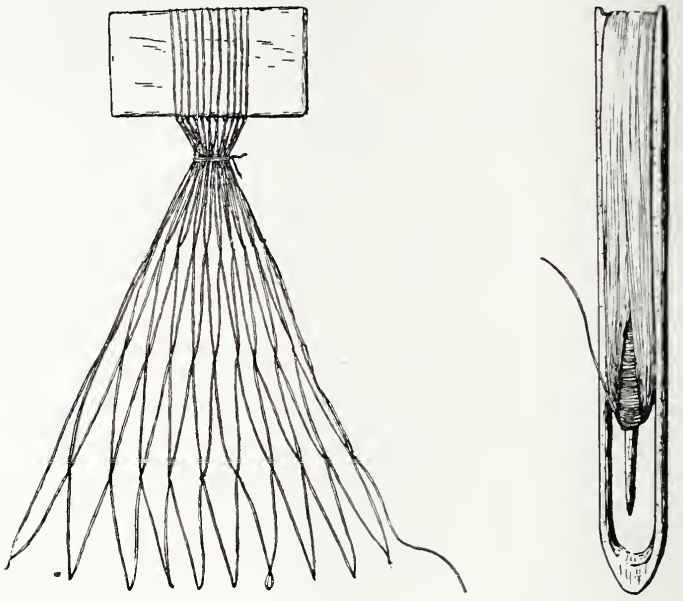
Woodwork of all sorts is now done with the aid of the crooked knife which was introduced on Hudson Bay by the traders and is now used by Indians entirely across the continent. Before iron was in use, knives were made of moose horn which hardens with age. The incisor teeth of beaver in place in the skull were also used in woodwork.

Considerable wood-working skill is required in making canoes and sledges. No such work was observed in progress among the Beaver and therefore no description can be given. Nets (Figs. 11, 12) for fishing were made from the inner bark of an unidentified shrub. These nets were probably made by the men but that was not definitely ascertained.

The women dress the skins after the usual method. The tools (Fig. 13) are of a form different from those found among the Plains Indians. For scraping, instead of the elkhorn handle and blade placed at right angles to it an S-shaped implement is used. The flesher is made of the legbone of a moose. Skins are usually stretched in a frame for dressing instead of pegging them out on the ground. The women make the clothing from these skins, and, in former times, the tipi covers as well. The women lace the snowshoes after the frame has been prepared by the men. They also make the birchbark dishes used for house-

Fig. 10 (50.1–7664a). Simple Bow of Willow; Arrow of Birch with Moosehorn Head.

[1] These may have been both iron pyrites, or one pyrites, and the other flint.



Figs. 11 and 12 (50.1–7673, 50.1–7672). Net Needle and partly made Net with the Mesh Stick in Place.

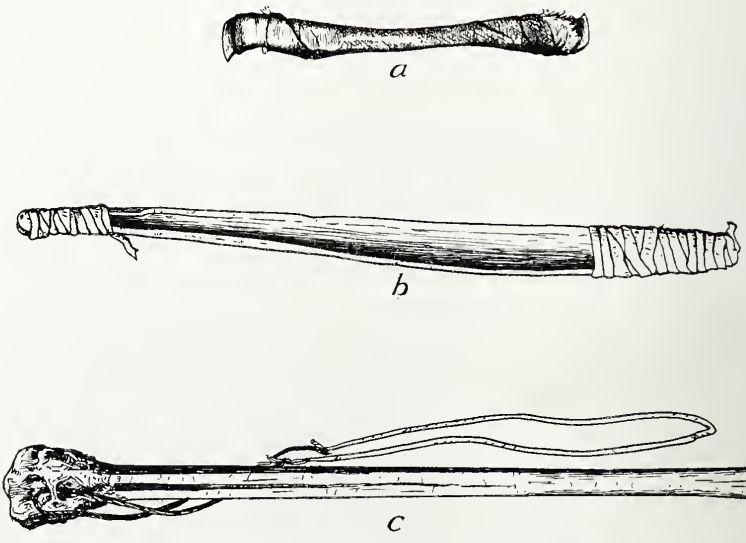


Fig. 13 *a*(50.1–7687), *b*(50.1–7701), *c*(50.1–7704). Skin Dressing Tools: *a* is a form not used by the Plains Indians; *b* and *c* are the bone implements common to the Plains in the north.

hold purposes. These are cut in certain shapes, folded to form the vessels and sewed in place with spruce roots (Fig. 14). They are decorated by incised lines and applied borders cut in certain forms. This and certain silkwork designs on moccasins and gloves are the only remaining decorative arts. Their neighbors, the Slavey, do beautiful porcupine quillwork and it is probable the Beaver once had the art.

Social Organization.

As far as could be determined, the social organization of the Beaver is like that of the Mackenzie culture area generally, meager and loose.

Marriage took place at an early age, "As soon as big enough" the informant said, which probably means soon after puberty. Presents are made to the father of the girl, and to the girl herself at intervals for a year or two before marriage. The determination of the matter is in the hands of the girl's parents, who need not consult the wishes of the young people; but they, in their turn, occasionally marry without anyone's permission. The young man seems invariably to have made his home with the bride's parents. The father-in-law depended in a large measure upon the hunting of the son-in-law for the support of the family. It is said that in earlier times father-in-law and son-in-law addressed each other in the dual, a polite form of language also characteristic of the Athapascans in California and the Southwest. It was not considered proper for them to look at each other directly. Two wives were not uncommon and the informant knew one man who had three wives. The sharing of one woman between two men also existed. Of this there are several illustrations in the stories. The custom of determining the possession of a woman, by wrestling, so often reported from the north, also obtained among the Beaver.

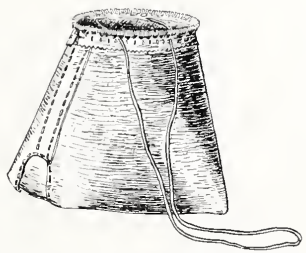


Fig. 14 (50.1–7668). Vessel of Birchbark sewed with Spruce Root.

The information obtained as to the descent of the children was unsatisfactory, chiefly because there appears to be nothing concerning which the question might arise. There appear to be no clans or other systems of grouping other than the family or bands of relatives camped together. No inheritable property or ceremonial possessions were discovered which would give a basis for inheritance, in fact, or for the purpose of discussion.

The information, as secured in the words of the interpreter, follows:—

"They get married as soon as big enough. Sometimes they ask the old folks for the girl and some times the young folks just marry. Sometimes they make them stay together against their will. The boy used to give presents to the father of the girl he wanted. If he did not want the boy, he would send the presents back. Tobacco and pipe to old man; dress piece to girl once in a while, perhaps for two years before they get the girl. It used to be the rule for the man to go ahead and the woman behind; but now since they are married by a priest the woman thinks the man must keep her and now the women are bosses. He is an old man and he never knew a woman to go to the man, the man goes to the woman and stays with her people."

Question: "Does the man always stay with father-in-law?" *Answer:* "Of course the man is not boss of his son-in-law, but if the father-in-law is good-hearted he can always live on what his son-in-law kills. Now I go everywhere my son-in-law (Louisçon) goes."

Q. "Is there any rule about the way son-in-law talks to father-in-law?" *Ans.* "He talks to his son-in-law just as to his son, and his son-in-law talks to him that way, but he remembers when a father-in-law used words as if he were talking to two persons instead of one. The son-in-law speaks the same way and so does the daughter-in-law to her mother-in-law."

When asked if they were bashful toward each other he said: "Yes," and then said, "They spoke to them as if they were two not because they were bashful, but because it was the fashion."

"We are bashful about looking our son-in-law straight in the face. We talk to them all right, but it is the rule not to look them in the face. This applies to the daughter-in-law too."

Q. "How many wives?" *Ans.* "His uncle had three wives. He often knew of two wives but three is the most he ever heard of. He has heard of a woman having two husbands but he never knew a case."

Q. "Do the children belong to the mother or the father's folks?" *Ans.* "They follow the father."

When clans were explained he said there was nothing of the kind there.

Burial Customs.

There is evidence that the Beaver formerly disposed of the dead by placing them in trees or on platforms. The bodies were sometimes, perhaps always, rolled up in birchbark before being disposed of in this way. It is said that sometimes instead of putting them above the ground they were placed on it and small log houses built over them. At Fort St. John, two rather recent child burials in the air were seen. In both cases the body was suspended in a sling of cloth supported by a board placed horizontally between two trees (Figs. 15, 16). At the present time the adults at Fort St. John and those of all ages at Vermilion are buried underground and a small house erected over the grave (Fig. 18).

One informant at Vermilion said that it used to be the custom to put a

Figs. 15 and 16. Infant Aërial Burials. A board is placed horizontally between two trees and the body suspended in a sling of canvas.

piece of white poplar limb on a grave when passing. "Just like shaking hands," was the comment in regard to the purpose of this custom.

The mourning customs were similar to those of the Plains Indians. The woman cut off finger joints and cut their hair. The men slashed their nipples and stuck knives or arrows through their arms or legs. The family impoverished itself and the men were in a reckless mood.

The information secured from Ike at Vermilion follows:—

Q. "How did they used to show they were sorry for their wives and husbands when they lost them?" *Ans.* "The man used to cut off the forefinger, a joint or two, or slash the nipple. Woman does same for husband or cuts all her hair off."

Q. "Did they used to be afraid of a new widow?" *Ans.* "They are not afraid. The prophet at Hay River is telling the Slavey to keep away from such people. The Slavey at Hay River are still pitching off by themselves when they lose a relative. Now when they [the Beaver] see a person is getting low they keep him clean, wash him all over, and change his clothes often. We all come together and watch him until his last breath. Then we [all the people in that camp] put him in his coffin and watch him a night or two, and then we all go with him and bury him. We are not a bit afraid now, but he has heard that long ago they used to be afraid.

"He does not remember when they did not bury in the ground but he has heard that they used to put the bodies on a platform, or roll them up in birchbark and hang them up in the bush. Sometimes they used to build a little house of logs and put the body in that on top of the ground." Cardinal, the interpreter, said he remembers hearing his aunt say she saw Beaver put on platforms.

The direct observations of Mackenzie are more to the point.

When death overtakes any of them, their property, as I have before observed, is sacrificed and destroyed; nor is there any failure of lamentation or mourning on such occasion: they who are more nearly related to the departed person, black their faces, and sometimes cut off their hair; they also pierce their arms with knives and arrows. The grief of the females is carried to a still greater excess; they not only cut their hair, and cry and howl, but they will sometimes, with the utmost deliberation, employ some sharp instrument to separate the nail from the finger, and then force back the flesh beyond the first joint, which they immediately amputate. But this extraordinary mark of affliction is only displayed on the death of a favorite son, a husband, or a father. Many of the old women have so often repeated this ceremony, that they have not a complete finger remaining on either hand. The women renew their lamentations at the graves of their departed relatives for a long succession of years.[1]

There was a lodge of Indians here, who were absolutely starving with cold and hunger. They had lately lost a near relation, and had, according to custom, thrown away every thing belonging to them, and even exchanged the few articles of raiment which they possessed, in order, as I presume, to get rid of everything that may bring the deceased to their remembrance. They also destroy everything belonging to any deceased person, except what they consign to the grave with the late owner of them. We had some difficulty to make them comprehend that the debts of a man who dies

[1] Mackenzie, 148–9.

Fig. 17. Skin stretched on Frame during Skin Dressing process.
Fig. 18. Modern Burials.

should be discharged, if he left any furs behind him; but those who understand this principle of justice, and profess to adhere to it, never fail to prevent the appearance of any skins beyond such as may be necessary to satisfy the debts of their dead relation.

Religion.

As compared with the Northwest, the Plains, and the Southwest, the North is strikingly lacking in religious ceremonials. Those now discoverable from the Beaver seem to accord generally with what has been reported previously from the Chipewyan and other tribes of this region.

It appears that those at least who had ambitions as hunters or warriors, and they probably included all the young men, sought supernatural helpers. It is only specified in this regard that such young men did not drink out of vessels but through a quill so that the water would not touch their lips, and that they did not eat the meat or marrow from the leg bones of game, or the eggs of any bird.[2] That the supernatural helper appeared in dreams is indicated by one account given below.[3] The character of some of these helpers appears also in the stories. In the combat between Wonyoni and Sastunazutde,[4] the former had beaver skins and the latter a buffalo hide. In another account an eagle skin is mentioned as used in war.[5] Mackenzie speaks of the use of a feather headdress for war. In the story of Wonyoni's revenge mentioned above, the father asks the son what is the nature of his power. The boy replies that it has to do with freshly fallen and unpacked snow, but he is not specific about it. In the account of the overcoming of the Cree by a Beaver single-handed it was inferred by the narrator that wind must have been the helper.[6]

For hunting there is the mention of the image of a small moose, said to be the gift of a mother moose who appeared to him in a dream. Since a request for the dream itself resulted in the narrator's giving it with a definite locality, there is reason to suppose it was an authentic account,

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[1] Mackenzie, 143.

[2] When asked to volunteer old customs, Ike said: "When a young man wanted to be a good runner he did not drink out of a kettle or cup but sucked the water up through the quill of a feather from a large bird like a goose so the water would not touch the lips. They would not eat the meat of the legs of any animal or the marrow from the bone of the leg. They would not eat eggs of any bird. Then when they went hunting and saw a moose or buffalo they could get up close and shoot him with a bow and arrows. Not everybody did that, but only those who were likely to be good runners or hunters. The drinking through a quill was only when on a hunt."

[3] Page 236.

[4] Page 248.

[5] Page 227, footnote 2.

[6] Page 278.

probably derived from a relative of the narrator. The appended comment shows the attitude of the Beaver toward such supernatural help.

"That was the way they used to live. The animals used to be as wild as they are now. With nothing but bow and arrow they could not live. But in each band there were one or two men like this with medicine who could kill them. The people came to them when they got hungry."

When asked what a man had to do to get it, he said: "They do not do anything. If there was anything they could do, they would all have it. It comes suddenly on a man. Suppose some animal takes pity on him or likes him and gives him power. I do not know what used to give men that, whether it was God or the animals themselves." [1]

Even in regard to these ordinary and personal helpers it appears that there is an element of caprice. It is not everyone who can come into the possession of such power, those who were more especially favored became a class whose power was a community asset. The work of shamans in warfare is mentioned several times. In the first place they were expected to foresee the location of the enemy and in some cases the outcome of the engagement. When the war party arrives the shaman is expected by songs to put the enemy to sleep.[2] Similar shamans dealt with sickness by blowing, sucking, and singing.

The following comments and illustrations of the work of shamans was given by James Heber, a Beaver who is married to a Cree:—

The Cree doctor themselves with roots they get out of the ground. The Beaver do not know that. Beaver used to have their own doctors but have quit. The Slavey still do it. An old man sang, drummed, and daneed to see through the winter. His wife said the next day the old man looked through the winter. He says we shall lose a ehild. They did. A Slavey woman died, was not breathing anyway. Her son came and put his lips to her neck, blew and sucked hard. The woman's abdomen went up high several times and she got her breath. The informant's father, an old man, got last fall so he did not pass his urine for two or three days. They gave him up. A Slavey came to visit his relatives. They asked him to go over to him. He held up a cup of water and talked. I do not know what he said. The man drank it and immediately went out and passed his water all right. The doctor says I see you through the white strip as far as the blaek strip. When you get there keep the cup for your own use, do not let anyone drink out of it.

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[1] This eonment was made by the Chief at Vermilion in connection with the story given on page 262 below.

[2] For illustrations see pp. 286, 287, 288 below.

A very old man, Bourassa once saw, used to be leader for war. He had a eap with eagle feathers on it and pelican's skin under his throat. They were the animals that helped him. He did not kill people himself for that would spoil his medieine. He would come elose to the camp and sing. That would blind the enemy. This old man was alive when the white people first built the fort.

He said an old blind war leader thought he became blind beeause he killed two men who were getting away.

He explained without questioning that the white strip meant winter and the black strip summer. The old man is still living.

The competitions between shamans and the performing of spectacles seem also to have been a feature. The development of prophecy in the north is unusual for America. Beside the accounts from Indians, the half-breeds, and even the white traders have stories of the foretelling of events or the description of contemporaneous events at a considerable distance.

It appears that in addition to the fortunate individual who had personal supernatural aids and the shamans possessing unusual power there is generally in each band one man of predominating power who directs the religious activities of the tribe. These are generally called prophets. The office at Vermilion was vacant but had not long been so. Among the Slavey at Hay River there was an active prophet, and also one at Dunvegan. Such men seem to have considerable liberty in initiating new movements in religion. In theory they may follow completely the revelations made to them as individuals; but in practice, there is reason to believe they followed tradition rather closely.

The objective side of religion appears in the use of fetishes such as the image of the moose worn by the hunter, and the skins of the animals concerned. The shamans made use of the jugglers' lodge described below. These were in use in Hearne's day east of the Mackenzie. Dedicated poles with offerings attached were probably commonly used. Several were seen among the Slavey and the making of one and the result obtained is given in a narrative below.[1] Several poles, in the form of crosses and upright shafts were seen among the Fort St. John Beaver (Fig. 19), but no proper opportunity of finding out about them presented itself. Their purpose was commented on by a Vermilion informant.[2]

The one community ceremony of striking interest is the semi-annual gathering when offerings of food are placed in the fire. These ceremonies seem sometimes at least to have been under the control of the prophet. A large dance ground is fenced and a central fire prepared. The officiating individual puts in the fire pieces of the flesh of the game animals and prays that the tribe may be fed with similar food in the future. They also asked for snow and rain since animals are more easily taken when they can be tracked. This religious observance is followed by dancing throughout the

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[1] Page 260.

[2] When asked about the medicine pole Ike said, "It is called enatcûggedi (leave something ready for somebody coming along there) as if one had agreed to leave something for somebody and then puts it up until the person came along. The medicine pole is left for the one who helps him in dreams.

When asked if the Beaver still made medicine poles he said, they never made them so far as he has heard. The Cree and Slavey do that.

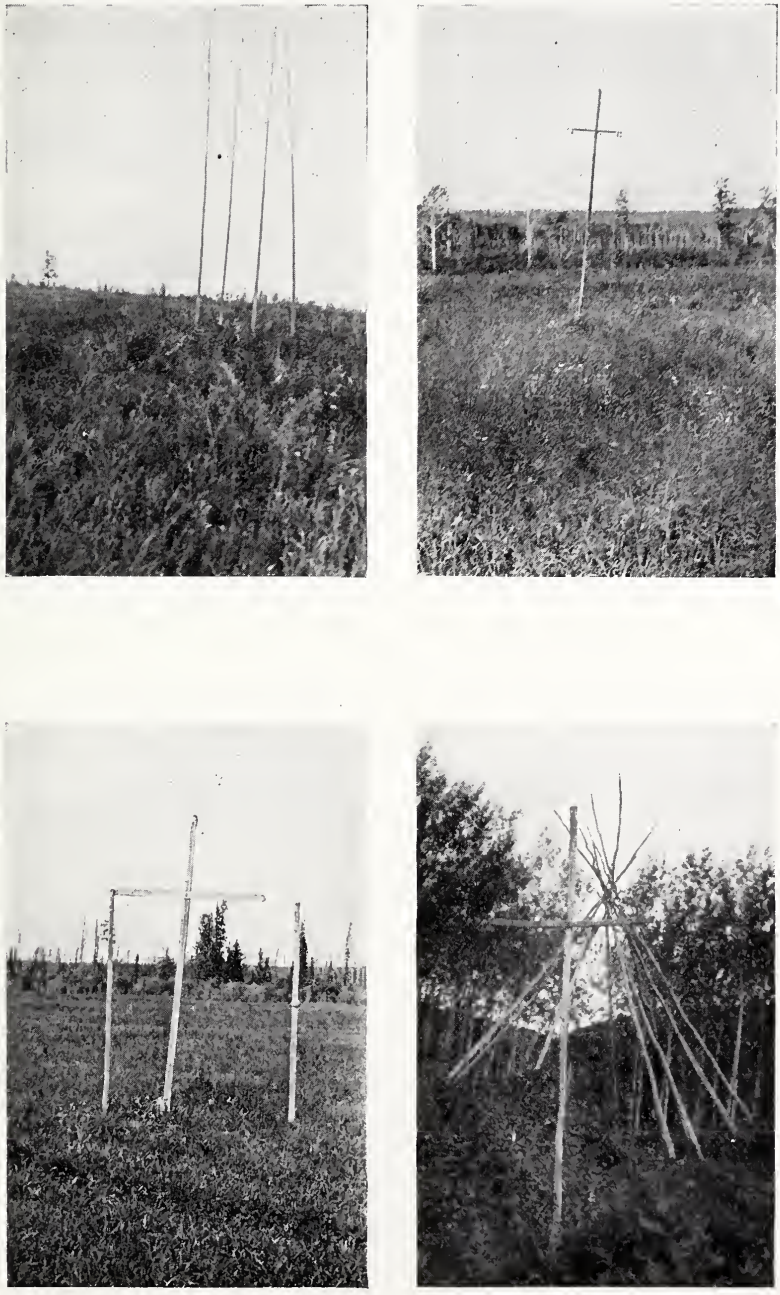

Fig. 19. Medicine Poles near Fort St. John.

night by the men and women who circle the fire clockwise. The actual information as obtained may be of interest.

James Heber said in reply to a question:

"The Beaver do not have the sun dance." He did not know what it was. "They have a tea dance. They have had it eight or ten years. A man here dreamed about it, a prophet. He saw people in his vision who sang for him and he taught songs to his people.

"People say if he says 'A male or female moose is given you, you better go and kill it,' then they go and kill it. He does not know if it is true or not. The Cree do not have it. They begin seriously with prayer and give thanks; at the end it is play. The women and men dance around the fire to the beating of a drum. They eat first."

From an elderly Beaver, named Ike, the following was secured:—

"He used to have an uncle; we used to get everything he asked for. In the fall when they made medicine he used to ask for snow and you [white] people had good crops and we made fur. He used to ask for a lot of muskrats etc., and we always got them. We had good luck, and you had luck with your crops. Now he is dead we have bad luck.

"They make a circular enclosure of willows about four feet high fifteen or twenty feet across. The one road [into it] is called kuetûnne; it does not matter which way it points. They have it in spring when the leaves begin to get big, and in the fall. In the spring they ask for food to last through the summer, and again in the fall, before it gets cold, they ask for food during the winter."

Q. Who is the boss for it? *Ans.* There is none; they have all died off.

Q. How did his uncle come to be boss? *Ans.* He knew things ahead. He made a dance and then we found out he knew things ahead. He never heard of anyone but his uncle making it.

Q. How many days doing it? *Ans.* One night. He had a good many songs. He heard someone sing up in the air. He goęs by that. Those were the songs he sang.

Q. To whom are the things placed in the fire given? *Ans.* We are just following an old fashion. It is the only way to give food to the folks who have died and gone to heaven (he pointed up and said ya') and ask them to give us more of what we have put in the fire.

He says he has heard they used to talk to the sun and to a moose as if they were persons.

The Chipewyan of Cold Lake spoke of a similar ceremony held each spring which they referred to as "feeding the fire."[1] This seems to have been the one important ceremony of the north.

The total impression of the culture of the Beaver is that of efficient simplicity. The arts are the necessary ones involved in providing food, clothing, and shelter. The social organization is the simple one of a flexible

[1] Page 3, above.

family, and a small hunting band, probably chiefly consisting of relatives, led by a chief. The religious feeling is strong and mostly direct, the individuals receiving their power immediately from some supernatural being unaided by tradition or extended ritual. The conditions of the north perhaps tend neither to develop anything superfluous, or to tolerate non-essentials even if they were introduced from without.

MYTHS AND TALES.

Tumaxale, A Culture Hero.[1]

There were once two brothers who were traveling together. When they came to a large lake they decided to separate, one going along the shore in one direction and one in the other.

One of them, Tumaxale, had not gone far before he came to a trail which had been used by people. He followed this trail between two mountains until it came out again on the large lake. He passed along where sky and water were seen on either side, and walked across on an old beaver dam. He saw a pretty girl sitting nearby, whom he addressed as sister, asking her why she was there. The girl, as soon as she saw someone approach, began to cry. "Why do you cry, sister?" the young man asked. "A large beaver[2] lives here that can only be pacified by giving him a human being. I have been given to him," she replied. "He said he would come to get me this evening when the sun is half way down that big mountain." Saying that he would watch for the beaver, he left the girl on the top of the mountain where he told her to wait for him. The girl told him that the beaver came out just at the edge of the water where the beaver dam made a bend. The young man sat there watching for the beaver and keeping track of the sun, and said to himself, "My sister said he will come out when the sun reaches that point."

The water began to move. Although the lake was a large one it was all set in motion. The beaver himself looking like a mountain came out at the turn of the dam. When the young man saw the beaver he said to himself that he was too big; but he also remembered how bad he was, and shot him, the arrow striking just behind the ear. He then ran away, Oh how he ran. He came up where the girl was sitting and the rising water came right up toward them. The water receded, and they followed it back until they came to the beaver dam. Because the beaver was so large he cut it up in little pieces and threw them all over the country. "You will be only so large," he said. The pieces were as large as a man's little finger and there became as many beaver as there were pieces which were scattered over the world.[3]

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[1] Under identical titles these narratives will be found in Part V of this volume as texts except as noted in the case of a few, recorded in English.

[2] Lowie, (a), 189, and p. 257 below.

[3] Petitot, 113.

They two started after the people who were living on ahead. "I will sit here and wait for you, sister," he said. "Go to your relatives." As soon as they saw her coming they all started to cry, thinking they would not live. "My brother killed it," she told them. "Where is your brother?" they asked. "He is sitting right there," she said. "And what is your brother's name?" they asked her. "His name is Tumaxale (he goes along the shore)," she told them. They were all glad he had done that, and did not want to let him go away. Each one of them asked him to be a son-in-law. He stayed there a short time, but concluded he would not remain in one place. He told them he was going out. They warned him there were bad people there. He went up to them and clubbed them all to death, leaving not one of them alive.

He walked along the road until he came to a large place where he slept. There was a narrow place between two hills where it was the custom to set snares. He set a snare there and went to bed. It was very dark and daylight did not return. He kept climbing up the hill to look for the dawn, but there was not a sign of it. The darkness had lasted so long his wood was all gone. Although it was still night he went back where he had set the snare. He found it was the sun that had been caught, but it was so hot he could not go near it. "Let all the animals come here quickly," he said to himself. They all came running there, but could do nothing. The very last, a mouse, came running back all burned. He had gnawed the rope off. The young man ran back along his own road to the place where the sun had been caught and took his snare again.[1]

He went on the way he had been going. Winter came on him again. As he was walking along, he came to a place where someone had drawn a sleigh along. Tumaxale had slept there and hung up a lynx. Some one had eaten some of the lynx in his absence. He started to follow him. He saw he had gone along there that day. He was again carrying a big lynx. When they saw him coming they prepared a tipi for him. He asked them to roast the lynx he was carrying. "My grandchild, did you ever eat this?" someone asked. "I only make use of its fat," he replied. She gave it to him. "I live on this kind only," he said. He drank only the soup of it.

Then they lay down for the night. That one was not a proper man. He looked carefully at the man's feet as he lay there. His moccasins were hanging up at his feet. He put the other man's moccasins in the place of his own. Then the man with whom he was staying thought he would take down his guest's moccasins, but he really took down all his own, put

[1] Petitot, 411; Lowie, (a), 184.

them in the fire and lay down again. In the morning he got up before the other man and quickly took down his own moccasins. "Here, grandchild, those are my moccasins," the guest called to him. He passed them to him and began to cry. He sat there without any moccasins. Tumaxale only had two pair of moccasins but they did not wear out. He went entirely around the edge of the sky without wearing them out. He gave him one of the two pair of his own moccasins.[1] He was pleased, and gave him one of his own arrows. He too was pleased. "When you are about to lie down tonight we will shoot at the end of a stump," he said.

Then he went on the way he had been going. He dropped the lynx which he had been carrying for food. Suddenly he came to a trail that had been used by people. There he shot at a stump. The arrows were pointing up. "Do not get it," he was told. He thought it was quite close and stepped up toward it. The arrow went further and further up until he followed it clear to the sky. Then he went on after it until he came where some people were living. The people to whom he came lived on nothing but caribou. He thought it was on this world.[2]

After he had remained there a short time he thought he would go to his own country. Then the old woman made a line of caribou skin for him. She made a large amount of the line and then she made a hole for him through the ground. She put him in a skin and gave him a knife. "When you think you are on the earth cut through the skin," she told him. Finally, he thought he must be on the earth. He tried to swing himself but he did not move. He cut through the skin to find himself on a big bird's nest. He said, "Grandmother your line," as he had been told to do; and she drew the line up.

Then he started to go far away. He was on a large bird's nest. Three young birds were sitting in it. He came up to them and began to ask questions. The two larger ones said they did not like this man who had been given them. For that reason he knocked them down with a club. One of them told him what he asked. "You are not going to live," he warned the man. "When does your father come back?" he asked the bird. "There is hail and a big wind when he comes back," the young bird said. "And your mother, when does she get back?" he asked again. "She comes when there is rain and a big wind," was the reply.

The man made ready for them. There was hail and the father returned. "I smell an animal here," he said. "Well, what have you been leaving here?" the young one replied. "I certainly smell something alive," he said

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[1] Matthews, 189–190.
[2] Petitot, 354–5, Lowie, (a), 190, Goddard, (b), 46.

and went around the edge of his nest looking for it. He knocked him down with a club.[1]

Again, the mother was coming back. Again, "I smell something alive," she said. Again, she started around the edge of the nest. Again, he knocked her down. He took the small one and it went about with him. "You will be just this small," he told it. He traveled around with it until it was just large enough to fly. They came to a river and the man put the bird on the bank. "Do you see a fish swimming about at the bottom of the river?" he asked the bird. "Yes," he replied. "Well, jump on it," he told the bird. He jumped on the fish, caught it, and took it out of the water. "Why don't you eat it?" he asked the bird. "Is it good?" he asked again. "Yes," was the reply. "As long as the world exists you shall eat them. You shall live on them," the man said.

Again he started on the way he was going. Suddenly, he came where there was a road used by people. He traveled along on this road, camping on it until he came where an old woman was living. When he came to her she said, "Grandchild, how have you been traveling? Grandchild, these people are bad. You will not live. My three daughters have all kinds of bad things living in their bodies with which they kill people." He killed all the things that lived in them. That is why the old man was very angry.[2]

Then the young man said, "I will make arrows." "Well, let him go for them," the old man said. "Grandmother, what does he mean?" he asked. "Grandchild, he means a bad place. It is there he is in the habit of going," she replied. "What kind of a place is it?" he asked. "At a place where saskatoons grow there are large snakes. It is there he goes. That is the place he means," she said. Then he went there. He made himself stone leggings and went among the saskatoons with them. The snakes all rushed at him and caught him by the legs. He clubbed the snakes, took the arrow-shafts, and went back.

"Get the polishing stone from your father for me," he said. "Let him get the polishing stones where I usually get them," the old man said. He went to his grandmother to ask about it. "Grandchild, it is a difficult place. There is an elk there who is a person. He walks back and forth on the top of a cutbank. He has something that chases people and barks after them like a dog. You can't get up to him without his knowing it," she told him. He got up to him and was ready for him. "I saw you first," he said. "You go down the bank first." The man refused, but nevertheless was forced to run down the bank and he kicked at him. "Why didn't you run

[1] Matthews, 119–121; Goddard, (b), 48; Kroeber, 88.
[2] Petitot, 356; Goddard, (b), 47.

straight along the road?" he asked. They ran along again and he kicked at him but did not hit him. He threw him down and he fell down the bank. The elk's wife down below killed him. She thought it was a stranger she was killing but it was her own husband. The woman came up to him from below, and began running about. He knocked her down and killed her with his club. He took the polishing stone and went home with it.[1]

The young man put his arrows in the fire, "I will put feathers on them," he said to himself. "Go to your father and get feathers for me," he said. "Let him get feathers where I always get them," the old man replied. Again he went to his grandmother, "Grandchild, he means a hard place. Big eagles live there," she told him. That they might not get his scent he approached them from the windward. He killed all the birds with his club, took the feathers, and went home with them.

Again he said, "Get sinew for me from your father." "Let him get it where I always get it," said the old man. Again, he went to his grandmother, "Grandmother, where does he mean?" he asked. "Grandchild, it is a difficult place. There is a big buffalo living on a large prairie. One cannot get to him without his knowledge. Snipes which make a noise when he does not see a person sit on the ends of his horns. As soon as he came where the buffalo lay the birds saw him and flew up. He made them go down again. They flew up again without cause. "Why do you mislead me?" he asked. "We were deceived by the leaves," they replied. He lay down again. The man transformed himself into a rodent and made himself a road to the buffalo. He made roads in many directions. Then he gnawed the hair off well below the animal's shoulder and stabbed him there. He ran away along his own road. He killed him, took sinew for himself, and went home with it.[2]

"Go to your father and get pitch for me," he said. "Let him get pitch where I always get it," the old man replied. Then he went to his grandmother. "Grandmother, what does he mean?" "Grandchild, there are trees which are like animals. These large trees are growing together and it is only in between them that pitch is to be had. That is what he means." Then he made mittens of stone for himself and put them on. When he came there he threw in a stick. The trees struck against each other. He pulled his hand out leaving only his mitten. After that he took the pitch he wanted.

Now he had killed all the things the old man used to dream about. This caused him to be very angry.[3]

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[1] Matthews, 122; Goddard, (a), 203.

[2] Matthews, 117; Goddard, (a), 197.

[3] Dr. Lowie has a discussion of the distribution of tales of this sort, Lowie, (b), 97–148. The various steps in arrow-making enter into a Gros Ventre myth, Kroeber, 88–90.

Then he told his three daughters that they should go for berries and they went off for them. "My son-in-law, some grizzly bears used to live over there. Let us go after them," the old man said. They two started to go there and went on until they came to a large prairie on a point of land. "This is where they used to be," he said. They went down to the river. There were three bears standing together on the prairie. "You watch for them here," the old man said. The young man lay in wait for them while the old man scared them down there. The three bears ran toward him and as they came up he put an arrow into each one as it passed. Then he called for his wife, and told her that the young man had killed all their children.[1]

Tumaxale then chased him entirely around the world. As he was about to kill the old man, he jumped into the water. He called for a pelican and one lighted there and drank up all the water. They looked for him everywhere on the lake bottom and could not find him. He called for small diving birds. When they came he instructed them to go to the pelican. When they lighted by him he said, "You seem to like my belly. I myself was looking for the skull of the black water beetles." They all stabbed the pelican right in his mouth and flew away. The mean old man was completely drowned.

After that he started on in the direction he had been going. Not far from there he met an old man whose head was gray. He was a pitiful looking man. "Who is he?" he said to himself. It was his younger brother. They were boys when they separated. When they saw each other, the other one also said to himself, "Who is that?" They began to tell each other what they had been doing, and then they realized they were brothers.

Agait'osdûnne, The Hair Scrapings Man.[2] — First Version.

One time when many people were camping about they heard a child cry where they had been dressing hides. All the women ran to the place. When they did not find the child they took up the hairs of the scrapings one at a time and put them to one side. There was nothing there. Then an old woman went there and found a child crawling among the scrapings. She took the child up and put it in her mitten.

She took care of it after that and it became large very quickly and was soon walking about. He became a person from the buffalo. "Grandmother

[1] Matthews, 186.

[2] The distribution of this story in the North is given above, p. 50.

bring me only grass," he said to her. She brought him grass for a bed. During the night it all disappeared. "He is always doing such things," she said to herself. When she lay down again she watched him through a hole in her blanket. She saw him get up and shake himself and immediately become a buffalo. "Why did I do this?" she said to herself and lay down again under her blanket. "So this is what you are doing," she thought. After that she took good care of him.

Once the Indians were all chiseling out beaver. "I will watch them," the boy thought and went where they were eating the beaver meat. When he saw the meat, he reached to take some a man was offering him. The man pulled it back again, fooling the boy. He was very angry. One old man gave him something to eat. After the Indians had gone he picked up a beaver leg and swallowed it, saying, "You will not kill beaver until I pass this bone."

After that his grandmother traveled alone with the children behind the main band who were starving. Her nephews were starving; they were having a hard time. "Grandmother, I will fish with a hook and line. There are fish here in this old beaver pond," he said. She cut a hole in the ice for him. "I will fish here," he said. She went over where he was fishing. He took out a large beaver. He pushed a stick into the water and caught four beaver which he killed with a club. "Grandmother, there are four fish down there which I have killed," he said to her. His grandmother went there and found he had killed four large beaver. She carried them back and put them by the fireplace. They ate beaver meat. "Grandmother, give me the mesentric membrane," he said. She did as he requested.

Then his grandmother took him on her back and carried him after the other Indians. When the advance party saw the mesentric membrane he had in his hand they acted like crazy people about it. They threw down the children they were carrying to run after him. They got hold of the membrane and pulled it from side to side. This made him angry.

His uncle had set snares for beaver. He was sitting there by them and started to cry. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Kill it for me," he said. Then he passed the leg bone of a beaver. Then all who were there, all his uncles, took out beaver.

Then they moved on ahead. Again they were starving, when someone reported having seen buffalo that did not know people were about. After the others had gone to bed he took arrows from each man and went to the buffalo. When he came near them he transformed himself into a buffalo and started to play with them. He killed them all and started back. They had a big fire ready for him and were sitting there, waiting. His grandmother was sitting on the pile of wood, crying. "Grandmother,

why are you crying?" he asked. He took an arrow and held it on his bow. "One buffalo was caught in the willows. Who said this about me? Who said of me that, 'he went along the people's trail carrying arrows?'" he inquired. No one spoke and for that reason he did not shoot. He held two arrows by their heads, broke them, and threw them into the fire. "What did I do to your animals?" he asked them. They thought the buffalo were all ahead of them.

They started away, but one old man sat there after the others had gone. Agait'osdûnne had put some buffalo fat in the fold of his blanket. He pulled that out for his grandfather. "Grandfather, the wolves killed a young buffalo. I thought I would put its fat in my pocket." He passed it to him. "It is not young buffalo's fat," the old man said to himself. Then he told his grandfather that each man who knew his own arrows would know which buffalo belonged to him. His grandfather went away along the road after the others. They thought the buffalo were lying there alive and they were sitting over them ready to shoot. "Why are you sitting there?" he asked. They thought the buffalo were still alive and they would take them all in snares. When he came to them he said, "Take the ones your arrows are sticking in." He thought he and his grandmother would have an animal and he had left an old arrow lying on it. They stepped over that buffalo.

Agait'osdûnne was very poor. The large band that camped ahead had a certain man for chief. He had a daughter no one liked. She went out one time and looking at Agait'osdûnne said, "I do not like your eyes." He was very angry because of that and after she had gone he went there and urinated.

She was very soon pregnant and gave birth to a child. "Make a medicine lodge," the chief said. They made a medicine lodge. "The child will urinate on the man who is its father," the chief said. They all came there where the medicine lodge stood. He disappeared now and then and then he was not about at all.[1] They did not know who could be its father. Agait'osdûnne was the only one who did not go there. "Well, let everyone of the men come here," the chief said. His grandmother was sorry for the child and liked it and for that reason went there. As soon as she took it, the child urinated. All the women then stripped the clothes from Agait'osdûnne and put out his fire, but his grandmother put some fire in sinew and put it inside a pillow. They drove him away from his grandmother. "I hope when they get up they will take out the sinew," she said. The next morning when they arose there was nothing they could do anything

[1] This probably refers to the spirit supposed to assist in the divination.

with. "Look inside grandmother's pillow," he said. She went there and found fire under the sinew where it had been left and built a fire with it.

"I wish you would make some arrows for me," he told the woman. She made arrows for him from some poor willows. "I wish three wolves would come along here to us," he said. Before long three wolves came there and he killed them all. The women went to them. They took hold of the wolves by their noses, rubbed them, and pulled the entire body out of the skins. Then they put on the skins with the hair still on them. "I wish thirteen caribou would come along here," he said. They came very soon and he killed them all. They made a tipi cover of their skins. He wished again for three moose and they came. He killed them and they had the leather they needed.

He wished the others might die of starvation. For his grandmother, however, he used to drop fat along behind. "Because they did not care whether he starved or not, let them be very hungry and die of starvation," he was thinking about them. "Well, let them come here," he thought. They came there. He told them that before he had resolved not to get meat for them. He went away from them but before leaving, he told them that if many moose went by they were not to shoot the leader but only those following behind. Then owl, who was a person then, shot the moose that was in front. His wife took a skin and ran after him. She ran far away to him. "You are alive. You will not die quickly," she said to him. "Roll up in the skin," she told him. Then they beat owl with a club and that is why his head is large.

Agait'osdûnne, The Hair Scrapings Man.— Second Version.

A child was heard to cry from a buffalo skin. An old woman went toward it and found a child sitting among the hairs which had been scraped from the buffalo skins. She took up the child and because she felt sorry for it, took care of it and raised it, although the others tried to dissuade her.

It grew quickly. "Put nothing but grass under me, grandmother," he said. She put some grass under him but in the night she saw it was gone; there was nothing but bare ground under him. "What are you doing, grandchild?" she said to herself. She watched him through her ragged blanket one night and saw him stand up, a large buffalo. He ate up the grass he was lying on. "My grandson is a buffalo," she thought.

A famine was killing the people when someone saw a herd of buffalo. There were many people camping there who decided to go together and kill the buffalo. The boy saw the buffalo and at night, while the people were

asleep, took an arrow from each man's supply. He went to the buffalo during the night and shot them all because they were not afraid of him. "The buffalo will belong to the man whose arrow is on it," he said to himself, and distributed the arrows on the dead buffalo. "We will make meat of this one for my grandmother," he said, and placed two of his arrows on one of the animals.

He went back to the camp to find someone had built a big fire. His grandmother was sitting on the wood, crying. "What is the matter, grandmother?" he asked. "You went for the people's animals and they say they will burn you." "Who says that about me?" he asked. "They all say it of you. They are not pleased." "None of your animals ran away. They are still where they were last night. Go to them," he said.

An old man was sitting there after the others had left. He took a seat by this old man and said, "I saw the wolves kill a young buffalo, grandfather." They two followed along the way the others had gone. They found some of the Indians lying in front of the dead buffalo while others were trying to surround them. When they came up to the buffalo they found they had all been killed and the arrows were lying on the bodies. The people were all very much pleased.

Atcecǫ Kills Buffalo.

One time when a band of Indians were without food, someone saw some buffalo. They did not have guns and since the buffalo were in an open place without cover they did not know how they could get them. They decided to wait until the next day when they could make a fence and drive them into a corral. A boy, named Atcecǫ, started after the buffalo by himself, and the people were all angry. "Let us kill him," they were saying. They went after him. They prepared a large fire for him and sat down by it waiting for him. As he was coming back he found his grandmother who had raised him, sitting behind the fire crying. "Why are you crying, grandmother?" he asked. "These people say they are going to kill you," she replied. "Show me which one of them says that of me," he asked of his grandmother. They were afraid of him.

Then they started after the buffalo and found them still where they had been seen. "Be careful, they might see us," they said. The boy followed along after the others. They also told him to take care the buffalo did not see him. This boy had killed all the buffalo. From a man who had many children he had taken two of his arrows, but if there was only one child he took only one arrow. With these arrows he had

killed all the buffalo, allotting them one or two animals according to the number of children. They were all saved from starving.

Atcecǫ Kills a Bad Man.

One time when they were starving they started to move toward a lake where they knew there were fish. A bad old man was known to live there but they thought he was away from home. When they came to the place they found he was still living there. Then that small boy said he would visit his grandfather, meaning the old man. His friends advised him against it, but he replied that since he was starving and suffering much he would visit him nevertheless. The others tried hard to stop him but he set out to pay the visit.

When he arrived the old man asked why he came. "I came to you, grandfather, because I am starving," the boy replied. "Well, you will not live long," the old man said, "go back or I will kill you." "You do not talk as other people do, grandfather," the boy said. "Well, cook him some fish," he told his wife. The boy ate the fish when it was set before him. "What kind of a person are you who eat the fish I give you and still live? You are Atcecǫ," the old man said. "Why do you say that? I ate what you gave me and I am happy," the boy replied.

"Cook for him again," he said, and his wife did so. "No person ever did this way with me before, but let us use supernatural power on each other," the old man said. "What am I to do, that you speak that way?" the boy asked. "You have eaten much of my food," the old man replied. "You do something to me first, grandfather," the boy said. The old man made a large frog sit on his palm and told the boy to take it. "Now you do something to me," the old man said. "Yes, grandfather, but what do I know, that you should say that to me?" the boy asked. "You swallowed a small frog and how is it that it did not bother you?" the old man asked. "What sort of a person am I that you should say that?" the boy asked again. The old man swallowed it and he could hardly breathe.

When Atcecǫ started back the old man said that since he had done that to him, he would know how to cure him. He sent his wife to bring the boy back that he might cure him. When the boy saw the sorrowful looking old woman coming after him he told her that he was not yet old enough to marry and that her husband might keep her. He turned back and came to the old man who was still breathing. When the boy began to sing over him the frog closed the old man's mouth and he died.

The boy then ran back to his friends who asked how it happened he was

still alive. "My grandfather was very kind. He is not a mean man. He fed me well and I ate what he gave me," the boy replied. They knew the old man was mean and they were afraid of him.

Atcecǫ killed him and the people were very much pleased. They moved camp to the place where the fish were and many people were saved from starving.

The old man had many wives for he had taken the wives of the men he had killed. They took these women away. Many people were glad because of what Atcecǫ had done.

Agait'osdûnne Marries the Chief's Daughter.

They did not know what kind of a man Agait'osdûnne was. He was a miserable man and miserable beyond that; and they had no respect for him since he had never killed anything. There was another man who was highly respeeted, the chief. He had a daughter of whom he took great care to guard her from evil. All at once it appeared from her shape that she was pregnant. Her father was determined to find out by whom she was in that condition. He was a man who had very great supernatural power, and had some young thunderbirds that he was keeping in a cage. He thought he would find out what he wanted to know through the help of these birds. He brought the men all together and asked each of them who did it. They all denied knowing who had done it. Then he made them go in where the birds were. If the man who was guilty went in the birds would ruffle up their feathers. He was going to find out about it in this way. They went in one by one but the feathers of the birds did not move.

"Are these all the men?" he asked. "There is one man who is not here," they told him. Then Agait'osdûnne came in and the feathers of the birds stood out immediately. "Her child is from that man," he concluded. He sent his child away in very pitiful condition. "Let them die," he said. He cast them off, leaving them no clothes to wear. They were in pitiful condition and there was nothing they could do. Agait'osdûnne was determined they should live. With his supernatural power he caused a moose to come there and killed it. From its skin he made two good garments. He was that kind of a being. If he said something should happen that thing happened.

By means of that power they lived all winter without suffering hardships. Those from whom they had moved were starving to death. Because they had cast him off to die, he would give them nothing but the blood, and he gave them much of that. "Let them live on the blood of the animals that

are killed," he said. When he went after animals he told his wife that the one which came first should be spared. There was one mean man who shot it and killed all the animals that they lived on. When she saw her husband was not around she thought something might have befallen him. She took a mooseskin garment and went to him. When she came up to him he was still alive. She put a skin over his head and made him well again. Agait'osdûnne was from an animal. Nothing was difficult for him.

The Orphan Boy Kills Beaver.

There was a young girl and her younger brother whose father and mother had died. The girl raised her brother. Once when the people were dying of starvation they came where there was a beaver lake as they were moving about. The boy's sister was carrying a load on her back.[1] The boy asked his sister to cut a hole through the ice for him so he might fish there. He also asked her to make him some arrows of a willow, saying he would try to get some fish. She was also to build a fire on the shore. To all this she gave her assent. They went to the bank and sat by a fire for a time. Then he started again to the lake where he stuck his arrows into the water and speared many beaver which he pulled out and killed with a club. He went back to his sister and asked her to bring the beaver for him. She went for them and brought them to the fire where she singed them. Then she started out after the other people carrying the singed beaver and her brother. The boy sat on his sister's back working at the beaver. As she was carrying him along there someone saw him. They ran up to him. His sister put him down. The people took all the beaver tails from him.

After that they were again dying of starvation. The boy was angry. He ate the leg of a beaver because he was angry. Starvation was killing them and they sent for him. He defecated and again he killed many beaver. They lived all right after that.

The Moose that Had Been a Man.

A large band of Indians were moving about when one old man said that he would hunt the next morning along the mountains. There were two moose together who heard the old man say that. "That old man has great supernatural power; he is coming after us and we will not be able to get

[1] Perhaps this sentence should mean she was carrying her brother on her back.

away from him. We will travel very slyly," the moose said. They had heard the old man talking and therefore traveled about with great caution.

When the old man came along he did not follow the tracks of the moose, but went around another way and shot one of them with arrows. He did not stop to cut up the moose he had killed, but, saying to himself that there had been two of them and that one was missing, he went after it. The moose ran very fast and lay down quietly at the end of the path. The old man went directly to the place where the moose was lying, following a direction at right angles to that taken by the moose. The moose got up. The old man had feathers on his bow (arrow) which showed the way he should go. When these feathers moved the moose heard it. He saw the man. "What shall I do now, he has me killed long ago?" the moose said to himself. He looked about to see where the trees were thick and ran there. The man ran along beside him so that the moose could not escape. Seeing a small open place, the moose said to himself, "Let him kill me there." Seeing that there was nothing more that he could do, he ran to the open place, jumped to the spot, and fell.

It seems that the moose was a person. This old man had had a younger brother who had disappeared into a herd of moose.[1] That was the moose he was following. "I am that one," the moose said, "what do you want?" "It is better for you to go to some larger country," said the man. He did not kill the moose for he knew it was his younger brother. Then he left him and became a man again.

Wonyoni Avenges the Death of his Sons.

A man named Wonyoni had always camped by himself and raised his family apart from others. One of his sons once inquired if they were the only existing people. His father told him that an uncle lived not far away by a fish lake, but because this uncle was a mean man he had raised his family by themselves. The boy replied that they would visit the uncle anyway. "Well, my boy, you are to be pitied, for you will not live long if you do that," the father warned him. "Never mind that, we will visit him," the boy said. "I have hindered your going many times, now do as you like," the father conceded.

Before the three boys set out to make the visit the father told the youngest boy not to go into the tipi even if the two older boys did so. He renewed the boy's shoe strings because the old ones were dry and brittle. He

[1] Lowie, (a), 179.

also advised him to leave his snowshoes along the trail, one pair behind the other because the track upon the snow was not strong. The boy did as his father advised.

When they came to the uncle's home the two older boys went in but the youngest played outside, although they called to him to come in. The uncle had killed all who had visited him previously and had rendered their fat. He directed his wife to cook for the guests. When they had been fed he took two spears and conducted the boys to the base of the tipi where he placed them. "This is the way your aunt and I used to do when we found a she-bear and her young ones. When we came upon them we would scare them out, and one standing on either side, we would spear them as they ran out. "This is the lard we made of them." Then as an illustration of the way it was done he drove the spears through both boys at the same time. The remaining boy ran back down the road. The uncle chased him but because the road was not firm enough to hold the older man, the boy outran him and escaped. When he returned, his father inquired about his brothers. "My uncle killed them," the boy replied.

To this Wonyoni paid no attention but lay by the fire as if nothing had happened. His wife cried and tried to throw herself into the fire. When daylight was appearing the next morning, the man went to his son and said, "Come, let us go to your uncle." They went where he had lived but found the tipi had been moved away. He had killed the two boys without any reason and burned everything over. "My brother is laughing at us ahead there. Your uncle never knows what he ought to do," the father said.

They followed to the other side of the lake where the tipi had been placed on a large flat. Wonyoni was angry. When they came near they saw the uncle walking outside watching for them. He came up to them and met them. He was a large man. When he came up close to them Wonyoni ran back from him. "I guess you ran off because your feelings are hurt," the large man said to him. Then Wonyoni ran up to him again saying, "You intend doing again as you did to the boys. Well, you make the first move," he said, showing his lack of respect. Wonyoni then aimed a blow at the man's head, but struck below and broke his legs. The large man fell and Wonyoni came up to him and killed him with his club.

The father and son then went up the bank where the camp stood. No one was stronger than that old man. "Where did you put him?" the large man's wife asked. She had a flat stone in her bag which she took out and threw at the man. Stepping to one side he dodged it and jumped on the woman, knocking her down. Wonyoni then killed all the people at the camp of the uncle whose name had been Bear-stands-in-the-water. Wonyoni, having killed many people, returned to his own camp. The people were all glad.

The Revenge of Wonyoni.

There was an old man who raised his children by themselves. When the boys were grown up one of them said, "Father, do you know of any people living close by?" The father replied, "No, my son, I do not know of any people living close by except your uncle who lives near, but he has always been a bad man." "We will visit him," the boys said. "Do not do it; you will not live if you do," said the father. "We will visit our uncle any way; it is hard for us to live by ourselves," the boys replied. "Well, go then," the father said. Addressing the youngest boy he asked him what supernatural help he had. "My dream was of newly fallen snow that does not pack," the youngest replied. When the two older boys started the youngest one told his father that he too would go. "Well," replied his father, "your uncle is bad. If your brothers go into the house, you stay outside and play."

The boys started to make the visit. The two older ones came to their uncle who recognized them. "They are my nephews. Quick, give them something to eat," he said. His wife gave them some bear grease by means of which he killed them.[1] He killed the two boys but the youngest ran away. He came where he had left his snowshoes, put them on, and made his escape.

When he came to his father he said, "Father, he killed my two brothers." The father was little disturbed and slept as usual. The old man was undersized and his name was Wonyoni which means "smart." "I will pay my brother-in-law a visit tomorrow morning," he said.

He went where the camp had been but found his brother-in-law had moved away. The bodies of his sons were lying there. The camp had been moved across the lake. Wonyoni started to cross on the ice and saw his brother-in-law walking by the lake. "Do not come this way," the brother-in-law called, "you are in pitiful condition."[2]

They say he was a large man. "Brother-in-law, why do you speak as any other man might? Do I visit you for nothing that you say that." Wonyoni said. "Don't you come here, nevertheless; you are pitiful," he replied, but the old man paid no attention to him. He walked on until he came near him. "You are coming to me because I killed your children. You begin the fight," he said to Wonyoni, who replied, "I am in pitiful

[1] The other version (p. 246), gives the details of their taking off.

[2] This remark probably refers to the usual seclusion of those who have recently suffered the loss of near relatives, which the murderer was trying to enforce.

condition as you say. What am I able to do to you?" "You begin the fight anyway," he said again. "Fix yourself," Wonyoni said.

The large man had a buffalo rawhide and Wonyoni had beaver skins of the same sort. The latter had a jawbone for a weapon and the former the backbone of a buffalo.[1] Wonyoni made a feint at the head of the other man who thinking he was to be hit in the head raised his buffalo hide. Wonyoni striking under this, broke his legs and killed him. Although he was a small man he was a formidable one they say.

Wonyoni Escapes from the Cree.

The old man, Wonyoni, was hunting moose with a dog when he became aware of Cree in the neighborhood. "What shall I do?" he said to himself and began to study the situation. He started off making tracks away from the place where his camp was situated. He came to an open place, looking back now and then. He was looking for the Cree, when suddenly he saw a man. He was traveling toward a large river and when he came there, he found a large stone and carried it with him up the hill where he was going to lie down for the night. He was on the watch there when suddenly the Cree were all around him. "How shall I get away from here?" he said to himself. Still considering this he went to bed. The Cree were all around him. When they made a rush at him to kill him he kicked the large stone he had brought up the hill so that it rolled down, breaking the trees as it went. The Cree thinking it was Wonyoni running away, chased after it. The old man immediately started back to his camp. The Cree were sitting there waiting for daylight so they could catch him. They did not kill him and he got back to his camp without being discovered because he was smart.

A Young Man is Taken to Another World by Fledgling Geese.[2]

A man was hunting in a canoe when he saw some young yellow geese. He paddled up to them and caught them. He thought they were too small to kill. Tying them to the canoe, he told them to tow him to their mother's country. He lay down in his canoe and fell asleep. He slept very soundly

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[1] The buffalo skins and the beaver skins were to give supernatural help as well as real protection.

[2] Lowie, (a), 189; Goddard, (b), 46, where this incident precedes that of following an arrow to the sky as related on p. 234 above.

and a long time passed before he woke up, and then the geese were nearly large enough to fly.

It was not this earth on which he stood when he woke up, but he thought he was still in his own country. It was a large lake. He waded ashore and walked along by the lake, thinking intently. Suddenly in the distance he saw a wolf running along. The wolf was looking toward the man. The wolf ran down until he came to the water which he entered. As he walked through the water he kept looking back toward the man who began to follow the wolf. They continued this way, the wolf running ahead and the man following until after they had gone a long distance when land appeared. He went ashore and walked along by the water.

He came where a man was living who had many children. This man gave the stranger a daughter in marriage. The man who lived there went hunting by himself and killed a moose. The other man killed nothing. The first man thought much about it. "He is my son-in-law and a relative, let him hunt with me once anyway. Let him hunt with my snowshoes." He loaned him a pair of his own snowshoes and he went hunting. He had not gone very far when he killed a female with young. When he came back to the camp he saw many tracks. They thought they were the tracks of a good many people but they were really their own tracks. He returned the snowshoes to his father-in-law. "Go back to your relatives," the old man told his son-in-law. He went hunting, paddling in his canoe. In the distance something was moving. When he crossed to them he found they were his relatives.

The Woman who Discovered Copper.[1]

One time a man's wife who had been left alone was stolen by the people who live beyond the ocean (the Eskimo) and taken away to their country where she was held as a captive. The life was hard on her and she went away alone and came to the shore of the ocean. While she was there, unable to cross, a wolf came walking through the water toward her. He told her the passage was a good one and that she had better cross by means of it. She went up from the shore with the intention of abandoning her one child which had a large belly as a result of his greed. She killed a caribou and boiled the blood in the second stomach of the animal. She deserted the boy whose attention had thus been diverted.

[1] This myth was recorded by Samuel Hearne in 1771. For references and additional details, see p. 52 above.

There by the shore of the ocean metal was lying under the ground. The woman was passing by there and saw some of it. She took a load of it and carried it to her relatives. They came to know the metal in this manner. The men all went for the metal and had a hard time bringing their loads home. They used it for arrow points; it was of great value to them for it was all they had to use. It was metal but not very strong for it was copper.

They went for it again and when they came there, there were many men and only one woman. All the men had intercourse with the woman who sat down on the copper and it disappeared so that it could not be secured.

They went for it again after that, but it was not to be seen, and they could not secure it. The woman had sunk into the ground until it came halfway up her body. Those men who had kept her jointly were unable to secure any metal. They went for it again after that and found only the woman's head projecting above the ground which now came up around her neck. She was seen again after two years and she was still alive. That was the last time they saw her. After that they left her alone.

Crow Monopolizes the Game.[1]

Once, as winter was coming on, the people were dying of famine for the game animals had all disappeared from that region. Crow was not generally about with the remainder of the people but when he did visit them he appeared to be well fed and happy. The others agreed that they would watch him when he went home but when they tried it, one after the other was forced to give it up because it grew dark where Crow was going along. Telocye, nighthawk, was the last one who could still see him. When he too was about to lose sight of Crow he asked to have dust thrown in front of his eyes. When this was done the nighthawk could still see.[2] "He disappears into the ground twice and beyond that I cannot see him," Nighthawk reported. When asked if he could follow him he said he thought he could, so they all set out to find where Crow lived.

When they came there they found Crow had driven all the animals into the earth and had shut them up. That was the reason no animals had been seen. They attacked Crow but he fought back with a club and it was not an easy victory. The door behind which the animals were confined was made of fat. They were trying to tear it down so the animals might come

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[1] This story is known to many North American tribes: Chipewyan, Lowie, (a), 184; Petitot, 379–383; Blackfoot, Wissler and Duvall, 50–53; Gros Ventre, Kroeber, 65; Jicarilla Apache, Goddard, (a), 212–214.

[2] This was because twilight, when the nighthawk could see best, was imitated.

out. Crow tried in vain to club the people back for one of them finally succeeded in breaking down the door. The animals all came out. "They are smart animals," he said to himself. The animals all came out, but Crow found a way to make it difficult to kill them. He threw among them bones from which all the meat had been scraped. Again they were in trouble, for the animals were covered all over with bone and the only way they could be killed was to beat them on the nose until the blood vessels burst and they bled to death. The people were still dying of famine, and Crow himself was hungry. Then he made ribs and threw them among the animals. Because he did that the animals now have ribs.

This story belongs to the time when the world was being established.

A Man is Carried away by a Giant Bird.[1]

A man was walking one time at night when suddenly something caught him and took him up toward the sky. The man wondered what had happened. He was carried to a large nest which was resting in a tree. The bird in the nest took good care of him and did not kill him. After the bird which had brought him had gone away and when it was nearly daylight another bird came back. "How does it happen you smell of a man?" this bird said to the young one in the nest. "I should smell of a man when one was brought here for me to eat," the young one replied. He hid the man so well from his father that he could not find him. The birds slept during the daytime and the man came safely down to the ground. He gathered a great quantity of knots and dry wood which he placed at the foot of the tree. He set this pile on fire and the tree caught fire high up where the birds were sitting. Their wings were all burned and they fell down. After that they walked around on the ground. Before that they were the things that frighten people.

The Underwater People.

While the people were sitting by the camp they suddenly saw a young man passing along carrying a blanket on his back. "Where are you going and what are you going to do?" one of them asked him. "I am going to become a young man again," he replied. "How will you do that? We will go with you," they said to him. "Do as you please," the stranger replied.

[1] The Chipewyan story is more detailed, p. 11, above.

The young man who had spoken and two of his brothers-in-law went with him. They walked along until they came to a lake. Suddenly this man who had been walking ahead said "Xwui" and went through the ice to the bottom of the lake where he had a wife. "You do as I do," he told his companions. There were many skin tipis standing there and many people walking about. They went toward one of the tipis which was very large. The stranger walked ahead and the others did as he did according to the directions he had given them. Suddenly, someone jumped on the foot of the man who had suggested accompanying the stranger. It was a frog that did it, but he thought it was a man. The man who had gone ahead as the leader had a wife there and he used to go there to visit.

It seemed to them they had been there but a short time, when the head man of the underwater people said to them, "I do not like it that the minds of your relatives are so intent on us." They started back in a canoe the head man made for them. "Take care how you use my canoe, for it is not very good," he warned them as they started away. They came nearly to the shore in it when it melted as the owner of it had told them it would. Two of the men came ashore, but two of them were missing, one of the young men and his brother-in-law. The two who got ashore believed the others were dead, but as they were sitting on the bank they saw the head of a man appear and reappear. The man swam ashore and stood up. The other one was seen swimming as a jackfish. He turned into a man so that finally all of them came ashore and returned to their camp.

The Beaver who Went Home with a Cree.[1] — First Version.

There was a powerful man all of whose young men had been killed by the Cree. He himself, a Beaver, was the only one alive. There was a Cree too, all of whose followers had been killed. Just the two men were alive, and they tried in vain to get the best of each other. Then the Cree went to his camp accompanied by the Beaver. There was another Cree at the camp who was a powerful man. When these men approached and the people saw them, the Cree was asked what he had done with his band and how it happened that he was accompanied by one of the enemy. The head man of the camp directed that a fire be made to burn the stranger. They got a lot of wood and set fire to it. Then they brought the man up to the fire which was burning fiercely. It happened that the man they were going

[1] This story with some additional incidents was obtained from the Chipewyan, p. 55 above.

to roast carried a wooden spoon. He held this up between himself and the fire, but it kept catching fire.

He began to study the situation intently. "I wish otters would run among the people," he said to himself. Then otters rushed among the people who were standing at a distance. "Otters are running among us," one of them said. They rushed away from there and where there had been many people there were now none. He sat there by himself while the otters rushed out on the ice. His former companion, alone, was running near them. Then the Beaver man himself ran with them. At one place where the otters were running the Beaver ran in front of them and caught two of them. He threw them at his former companion who caught them both and threw them back. The Beaver caught them again. Just as he caught them the other Cree said, "Do it to me." He threw them at him. They really knocked him down because the Beaver was stronger than he. They started to kill him and just the otters were coming out of the snow covered with blood. The man himself was under the snow and the otters only were to be seen. Then the Cree who had been the companion of the Beaver caught the otters, held them together, and killed them. He was a powerful man. "This man was with me and alive and yet you spoke as you did," he said to the other Cree.

He gave one of his wives to his companion and made a relative of him. The Beaver lived with him and had some children. After this, his younger brother, a boy, started after him accompanied by some others. He saw his brother's tracks and followed him. He came back and reported that the man they were to attack was powerful, but that now they had started they would not turn back. "If we do not succeed we will all be killed," he told them. "We will attack them tomorrow morning." He came back and worked against them with his mind, using supernatural power. He appeared to kill them.

When the Beaver heard his younger brothers attacking them, he immediately ran to his former partner and began to kill him. "Now I can do nothing," the Cree said, and after that was killed. Some of the younger brothers were killed, but they killed all of the Cree.

The Beaver who Went Home with a Cree.— Second Version.[1]

The Cree living to the east were the first to come in contact with white people and consequently had guns before the Beaver did. The Cree used

[1] Obtained in English from Ike through John Bourassa.

to fight with the Beaver and by the use of their flintlock guns killed a good many of them. Among the Beaver were some good medicinemen who had flint for medicine and were able therefore to keep the flints on the guns from acting on the powder.

There was a battle one time in which there was a Beaver who was a powerful medicineman and on the other side a Cree who was equally strong. All the Cree in the band were killed except this Cree medicineman and all the Beaver save their medicinemen. These two being left were so evenly matched in supernatural powers neither could prevail over the other. The Beaver went home with the Cree and became a second husband of the Cree's wife, living in the same tipi with him.

The Beaver was bad and used to go about killing Cree whenever he could find one by himself. He was so powerful as a medicineman the Cree could not kill him. One day as he was returning from a hunt he fell in with a Cree who had killed two swans and was taking them home. The Beaver killed the Cree and took the swans. When the swans were cooked, he left a portion for this Cree he had killed, thinking to hide his guilt.

One day as he was hunting he met his Beaver friends. He planned with them an attack upon the Cree promising them the aid of his supernatural help. He spent the night making medicine to weaken the Cree, but told the Cree the medicine was to make them irresistible. The Beaver had agreed to join the attacking party some distance from the camp to protect them by his medicine, but fearing they would not be able to kill the powerful Cree medicineman he rushed into his tipi and said, "I am coming to kill you." The Cree, baring his breast said, "Stab me here." The Beaver did so and killed him. Then the Beaver killed all the Cree.[1]

A Man Marries the Daughter of a Bird.

There was a man who was traveling around alone. At first he did not come where there were any people, but after a time he came where there was a small man living by himself who had two daughters. He was given one of these for a wife and lived there with them.

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[1] The interpreter omitted the two following incidents which the narrator included in the story.

At the first fight the Cree sent two otters against the Beaver which the Beaver medicineman caught and taking one in each hand knocked them together killing them.

When the Beaver man met his friends he went to their camp. One of his moccasins was torn and his sister-in-law mended it for him using a piece of mooseskin which had been used to tie up vermilion paint. When he returned, his Cree wife noticed this mended place, but said nothing and did not warn the Cree.

The man's name in Chipewyan was said by Fournier to be Satselle': compare pp. 54, 55 above.

"There are some moose that live over here," the small man said to his son-in-law one day, "let us go over there." They went over there. He was living on birds only. "You stand here and watch that big tree and I will drive the game to you," the father-in-law said. The Beaver was watching there supposing it was moose that was meant. Not long after, some birds flew by, but he paid no attention to them. After that his father-in-law ran up and asked where they were. "I did not see any moose, only some birds flew by," the man replied. Those birds are called tsebise and stay here all winter. "You say only birds passed. Those are the ones. They are moose," the father-in-law said.

Then the young man was angry and went back into the woods. Two owls had lighted there, and he went to them and killed them both. He was angry. He brought them to the old man and threw them at him. The head of one of the owls fell in the fork of a stick. The old man tried in vain to lift it out and when he could not, he cut it up where it lay. He told the son-in-law to go home and tell his mother-in-law to come after the meat quickly. When he came home he told them, "Go after the meat quickly, he tells you." They went there and brought the meat back. They made a soup of the owl's head. The old man said to his son, "Go and tell your brother-in-law to come here and eat the head soup." When he told his brother-in-law that, he replied that he hated the water of owls' eyes. "I will not go there," he said. The old man was angry about it.

The next morning the large man went hunting and killed two real moose. They went out for the meat and the old man went out behind them. The moose had not yet been cut up, and when he saw the moose he was afraid and ran away. "It is the large animal that eats people he means," the old man said and then he ran away from it. Those are the birds one sees around here which stay all winter. They say those birds were men at first.

A Man Turns into a Squirrel and Escapes from a Bear.

A man lay down for the night by a river where there was a trail with the prints of animals' feet. He heard a big noise made by a large bear. He ran to it and then he ran away from it. There was nothing he could do and he could not get away from the bear. He climbed a tree and the bear jumped up and climbed until he was not far below him. The bear was so big and fat he could not climb higher and he would not go away. The man was worn out for sleep and he could not go down for he was afraid of the bear which was watching him. "What can I do?" he said to himself. He turned himself into a squirrel and jumped far over to another tree which

was standing there. He ran to the trunk of that tree and went down without the bear which was sitting high up in the tree knowing it. The man gathered many knots and brought them on his back to the foot of the tree and set them on fire. The fire shot high up the tree and set it on fire. The bear was big and could not do anything. He began to burn and fell down. He became a man again and ran off. That is the way he avoided being killed.

Watc'agic Kills the Dancing Birds.[1]

Once a man who had all kinds of birds for his brothers was traveling. He came along where there were very many birds about. When they saw this man carrying something on his back one of them asked, "Brother, what are you carrying?" "They are my songs," he replied. "Sing them for us, brother; and we will dance," said the bird. "Those who dance to my songs must keep their eyes shut," the man said. "We will do as you say," the birds agreed. "Wait, I will build a dancing camp for you," the man said. When he had the camp ready he said, "Now, come on and dance." The man was drumming for the birds who were dancing with closed eyes. He was wringing the necks of the birds without the other birds discovering it. There were many of them and he killed them all. That man was not afraid of anything because all the animals were his brothers.

The Earth Recovered by Diving.[2]

At first there was no land and no people, nothing but birds living on the water. They were the only living things. They came together at a certain place and one of them said, "I wonder where the land is?" They were looking for land without success. One of them tried to find land at the bottom of the water, but did not succeed. They all tried, but were not able to find it.

One of them, named Xak'ale, also dived into the water saying he would look for land. He went down disappearing from sight. He was gone a

[1] A widely distributed story. The Jicarilla Apache tell it of Coyote and Prairie dogs, Goddard, (b), 230. Dr. Lowie (p. 199) recorded the incident among the Chipewyan.

[2] In reply to questions it was learned that the earth is believed to have disappeared during a deluge from which certain people saved themselves by turning into waterbirds. The deluge was caused by the melting of the snow which accumulated during four summerless years. This myth in a more complete form is given from the Chipewyan by Petitot, pp. 373–378, although the Biblical Noah seems to appear in that version. The incident of diving for the earth is very widespread in North America.

long time and when he came up, he was on his back vainly trying to breathe. He breathed a little and said, "Look here under my finger nails." They looked under his nails and found some earth there which they took out. Xak'ale who brought the land up was small.

Trees grew again on the land which was taken from the water and the earth was made again. They say birds did this and the one who succeeded was named Xak'ale.

The Giant Beaver and Muskrat.

At first they say there was a large man who chiseled for a large beaver. He worked in vain for he could not kill it. He could not find its track anywhere nearby. He went out on the large frozen lake and saw the beaver walking along under the ice. He tapped on the ice and drove the beaver back into its house where he killed it.

She had young ones in her and because of that the ice would not remain quiet. He cut the mother open, took out the young ones, and put them in the water. The ice then became quiet. That was why he did it. They say both the man and the beaver were giants. The beaver house is still standing.[1]

Out to the east where there are no trees, away from the country in which beaver are found, there used to be a muskrat. If a canoe passed by, the muskrat would hear it. They say one did not speak when he paddled by the place. It is not long since someone in passing there felt the water move. He is not there now and since he is gone they do not feel the water move.

The Redeeming of a Doomed Man.

One time the people were having a bad quarrel and because of it one man tried to injure another through his supernatural power. "There is no one stronger than I and because of that you will go no further than that patch of white soil," he said of the man he wished to injure.

The man went hunting and came to a white patch of soil.[2] An old man sitting there said to the man as he came near him, "Quick, go back and get

[1] Said to have happened on Great Slave Lake. Stories of giants in the north are common (Petitot, 132–141, 168; Lowie, (a), 188, 189 above); the particular incident explains a local hill as is indicated in the last sentence.

[2] The Beaver seers refer to winter as the white patch and summer as the dark patch; winter may have been the original meaning here and the Indian informant has wrongly construed it.

your personal property." The man started back for his property. "Hurry," he called after him. The man came back to his camp and was tying up his things, when his father-in-law asked what he was going to do with his property. "A man who was sitting in front of me told me to come back to him quickly and I am doing it," replied the son-in-law. "You did not used to be afraid of a man's mind. Pay no attention to what he said. Sit here and I will go to him," the father-in-law said.

He took an otterskin and started away to the place where the man was sitting. When he came to the white spot, and the man sitting there saw him, he called out, "Am I nobody that I call a man and you come instead?" "Well, let him alone anyway," he said. He made a trade with him for the otterskin and left him.

They say the old man did that. He bought off his son-in-law who was about to be killed. That man was an underground person. They say the old man saved his son-in-law's life by his supernatural power.

The Equally Matched Magicians.

The people were jealous of each other and because of that one man had camped alone. A party of Indians started to go to this man's camp, but when they came within sight of it the man who was jealous of him said he would go to the camp alone. He started toward it changing himself into a bear when he came near. The people saw him as he was running along and warned the man for whom he was coming that his enemy was approaching. When the man heard what was said he turned himself into a buffalo and jumped out. They met each other; the one a buffalo and the other a bear. Neither could get the advantage over the other because they were afraid of each other. Then the man who was a buffalo spoke to the man who was a bear saying, "Your food is so short you are saying to yourself, 'What can I do?' and that way you run toward me." The bear too, said to the buffalo, "You, too, because your teeth are short you are saying to yourself, 'What can I do?' That is the matter with you." They were both alike in power and immediately made friends.

A Magician Cuts his Throat with Impunity.

There was a man who had great supernatural power. The man with whom he shared a wife said to himself, "I, too, am just the same sort." Thinking they would test their power they decided to cut off each other's

heads. The first man had his head cut off but he did not die. Then his companion cut his throat. He tried in vain to fix it again. He drew his hand across his throat twice but it made no difference. He was unable to restore himself. He went to his companion and said, "I thought I was the same kind as you but I am not." Then his partner called him to him and put his hand on his throat. After that he got well. They lived all right. They were only testing themselves.

At first before there were any white people, the Indians were powerful men. They secured their livings by means of supernatural power. That was when they used to wear leather.

A Magician Spends a Winter in a Lake.

A man was put in a sack which was then lowered into a lake through a hole which had been cut in the ice. The man to whom it was done had said, "Do that to me." He thought he had supernatural power to endure that. The others kept watch while he sat in the water all winter until the snow was nearly melted. They saw he was still alive and took him out.

Some who tried to do that died and others lived. Those who were not very powerful supernaturally, died. Many who did such things to each other died. Before white people came there was no sickness. At first they died only when they were using supernatural power on each other.

A Magician Escapes the Cree by Turning into a Buffalo.

There were many people living together. Among them was an old man who was going to make new teeth for himself. While the Beaver were camped there for him the Cree came and attacked them. The other people all ran away but that old man did not get up. He was singing his medicine songs and did not know the Cree had come there. They went off after the Beaver but did not kill them. When the Cree came back they heard a man singing. They went to him. The old man was in a lodge. He pushed the poles up high so that he could be seen. There was no man there only a buffalo which was about to attack them. They were afraid of him. The buffalo was the old man.

He had one child. "I will make my teeth come again," he said. That is why they had made a camp for him. He had said he would make himself a young man again. They say that is the way they used to do. When old age was going to kill them they used to rejuvenate themselves in a lodge.

Fournier's Grandfather's Supernatural Power.[1]

The informant's father's father was a great medicineman. A party of Beaver were traveling in midwinter beyond Hay River toward the Rocky Mountains. A band had been separated from the main party and through bad luck in hunting the men had all starved. The surviving women and children came to the grandfather's camp. The old man, displeased because some of his relatives in this band had died, said he would make medicine so that none of his relatives would have trouble in killing all the game they wanted to eat.

He made a medicine pole, painted it, and set it up. He had a man stand beside the pole and made it as high as the man. He then began to sing, and although it was the middle of the winter it thundered and began to snow. The snow fell until it was as high as the top of the pole. Then they could kill all the game they needed. Just the heads of the moose were sticking out of the snow and they could be killed with spears. When the snow melted the water was so high that the beaver gnawed the tops of the tallest cottonwood trees along Hay River.[2]

Thunderbirds.

They breed where there is a high hill. They destroy all the timber where they make their nest. They live on every high mountain. The places where they live are dangerous. Only men with strong supernatural power can see them. Those are the only ones who know where they live. As soon as a person who has nothing of that kind (supernatural power) comes near, they attack him. The people who do not see them are afraid of them. They say they can kill a man because they are strong. "Earth's roots" are the only things which are stronger than they are. They tear twisted trees to pieces.[3]

The Boy who was Cared for by the Wolf.[4]

One time there was a man who with many children was living by himself. In the middle of the winter his wife died, and he went to join the other

[1] Obtained in English from Fournier through John Bourassa.

[2] The informant was in his grandfather's camp and remembers this incident well.

[3] In reply to a question the informant added that the thunderbirds are about as large as the jackpine partridges. He said his father used to go to see the thunderbirds.

[4] This story was affirmed to be true by the narrator, John Bourassa, one of the most intelligent of the mixed-bloods in the vicinity of Vermilion. Lowie has a story of a bear who gave suck to a grown man, p. 195, above.

people. He had been taking care of an orphan child, but now could do nothing for him, so he deserted him, leaving him alone in the camp.

When he passed by the next spring, he found the child was still alive and took him along, "How did you get through the winter without freezing?" he asked the child. "A wolf took care of me. He slept with me and made a fire for me. That is why I did not freeze to death. He also fed me with meat," the boy said.

The boy lived long after this, until he was of middle age and finally died of some ailment.

The Loaned Hunting Dog.

An old man had a hunting dog which was very good for moose. That was because it was not an ordinary dog but a wolf. A young man saw a moose track, but did not succeed in killing the moose. He came to the old man and said, "Grandfather, I saw a moose track, lend me your dog and I will go after it." "My dog is mean," the old man replied, "you must promise to treat the dog exactly as I tell you." The young man agreed to do so. "If you kill a moose the first thing you must do is to give the dog the end of the tongue. He is only pleased when I do that. You must do the same. Do not fail to do as I do, my grandson."

The young man went hunting with the dog and killed a moose. Instead of doing as the old man had told him he cut off the liver and threw it to the dog. The dog was angry and did not eat the liver but went off and left it there. The young man cut up the moose and started home. Being thirsty he went to get a drink. The dog which was lying there jumped on the man as he drank and disemboweled him, killing him. He ate all the man's ribs.

Neither the man nor the dog returned. The Indians at the camp were going to bed, but the old man said, "There must be some reason my dog is not here. He has been howling and he does not do that without some reason. I told the young man repeatedly not to treat the dog in any way differently from the way I treat him. I loaned him the dog because he asked me for him so many times. The dog has probably killed him. I fear he is not living. Look for him and see if you can find out what has happened."

They went out to look for him and came upon his tracks where he had been approaching the camp. They saw his body lying there in front of them. The dog had killed him. The dog was not there and they did not know where he had gone.

The old man who had been living by the dog's aid said, "How shall I live? The dog with which I got my living has left me alone." He was much displeased. He called the dog and the next morning it came back to him.

He lived with the help of the dog again. The dog did not kill the old man who was able to live on good meat again. They say that was a very good dog.

They tell this story about the time the world was beginning.

The Hunting Fetish.

A man was starving and it seemed he could not live. He was dying of hunger because the moose detected his presence before he could get up to them. They knew he was a powerful man. He was so weak he could not walk very far. He came where there were some moose but before he could shoot them they rushed off. He had a little moose, an image, that used to sit on him. He pulled that out and waved it in front of the moose, but they took no notice of it and continued to run off. He put the little moose under the snow and himself died immediately.

The little moose was the same as his own flesh. They say he was using it to hunt with at the time when people were hunting with arrows.

Because a moose liked the man it took out its own little one and put it in the man's body and that gave him good luck. He must have angered the moose and because of that he died of hunger. They say that was the way it happened.[1]

The Man who Talked to the Buffalo.

One time there was a man who used to talk to the buffalo, and they would do what he told them to do. He would tell them to go to a certain place, to go into the water, and to give him food. Then they would go into the water backwards, and the Indians would kill them with a spear. The calves would say, "ûnnai" (mother) just as plainly as people do. They took hold of them and killed them. There was one bull they did not kill. He always ran through between the people.[2] Then they would take the dead buffalo ashore and eat them.[3]

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[1] The last paragraph was obtained in response to a question as to the meaning of the story.

[2] The narrator in conversation afterward referred to the well-known story of the man who married a buffalo. The bull, which invariably escaped, was the result of this union. "There was a young man who disappeared. They supposed he went among the buffalo. After that they used to see a bull with hair just like a man's. The buffalo understands what people say because a man used to live among them."

[3] He added that the female organs of the buffalo cows were cut off and pushed back into the water before the bodies were removed. No one was allowed to look while this was being done.

The Potency of War Songs.[1]

Once when breechcloths of skin were still worn, a party of Indians went to war. They failed to find the enemy they were after and therefore could not accomplish their purpose. They began to sing for the Cree and then they saw them. They started for the place where the Cree were, but when they came near, decided to postpone the attack until the next morning. While they were waiting they tried their power by lifting out large stones.[2] The prints of their hands can still be seen where they took hold of the rock. They made the attack and killed them all, leaving not one of them living.

The Curing of a Woman with a Medicine Lodge.

This too is a man's story. His wife was very sick and it seemed she could not live long. A medicine lodge was put up near her, and they were wondering who would use it. "I will be the one to use it," a certain man said. They paid him well to do this. He sang his songs. The woman did not move and they thought she was nearly dead, but he caused her to live again. There were many men sitting there when he did that. He cured her and she lived happily.

This story belongs to the time of the world's end.

The Medicine Lodge.

One pole is stood up over which a cover is stretched by means of ropes which are attached to pegs driven in the ground. The lodge does not stand firmly until the man enters, but when he goes in and begins to sing the cover stretches tight as if a wind were blowing inside of it. It is called cūns.

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[1] This was told in response to a question about a stone that used to be by the ford at Haliska, west of Vermilion. It is the common belief that if this stone is moved from its place it returns of itself. The informant said a half-breed once threw it into the creek, but when he next passed it was back in its place. When the informant was asked where it is now, he said it was near Peace River where a half-breed had carried it. He gave as his opinion that the stone had been so long unused that no life was now in it.

[2] Two stones were pulled out of the ground by the competing men. The stronger (in magic) pulled out the larger.

The Man who Entered a Fish.

I started out, I was not going far. I paddled away in a canoe I had made. I was just paddling about on the river when I was inside something and suddenly became an old man. Then I paddled out and found I had been inside a large fish. I had become an old man.

The Man who Wintered without Food.

Two men, each of whom had been living by himself, met one day. One of them was extremely emaciated but the other still had a little flesh on his bones. The latter asked the former how long ago he last ate meat. "I had something to eat," he replied, "when the moon before this one was new." "You eat a good deal," said the one who still had some flesh. "You had a meal last month and you are already beginning to starve; I ate last when the first snow came last fall." They two passed the winter thus.

I think the early people did not eat much.[1]

The Origin of Mosquitoes.

Once there was a mean woman who always scolded her husband. She used to beat him all the time too, and was always angry. Afterwards she died, and they just threw her body away without burying it. Sometime after, when they passed by there, the bones were lying about. The husband kicked the skull, saying, "This used to be a mean woman." He kicked it until he smashed it, and from it flew out a flock of mosquitoes. Since then there have been mosquitoes in the world.

The Killing of the Large Human Mosquitoes.[2]

Long ago there used to be large mosquitoes which killed people. Once when a company of people was traveling along, a dog lost the load off his back. As a woman was looking for the lost bag she suddenly saw a canoe with someone in it paddling around a point. The woman thought immedi-

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[1] A remark of the narrator.

[2] Obtained from Ike, in English through John Bourassa.

ately as she saw him that he must be one of the kind who were accustomed to kill people and that he would kill her. She climbed a tree to escape him. As he was coming up the tree after her she called to him, "Do not come up the tree for your moose," meaning himself. "The tree leans over the river and your moose will fall in the river and be lost if you kill me here. Wait, and I will come down and then you can kill me." Agreeing to this, he went a little way from the tree while the woman came down.

She started to run and cross the point around which the river made a long bend. The mosquito jumped into his canoe and paddled around the point. When the woman saw him coming she climbed another tree which leaned over the river. He was about to pass under the tree when the woman let fall some urine on him. He wondered where water could be coming from for the sun was shining. Looking up he said, "Oh, my moose is sitting on the tree." He started to climb the tree after her, holding his spear in his hand. When he was close the woman told him to give her his spear while he climbed up. "I will give it back to you when you get up here and you may stab me with it," she said. He gave her the spear and she went further up the tree with it. When he came up close to her she speared him on the crown of his head. The man fell down. Holding the spear up as it was still sticking in his head he started home, crying, "The moose is killing me; the moose is killing me."

He came back to the camp still holding the spear which he was unable to pull out. When he came near the camp the mosquitoes all ran out saying, "Oh, the moose killed a man." When they had tried in vain to get the spear out they sent for a smart man to see if he could do it. This man advised driving the spear down through as the easiest way to remove it. They did this, driving the spear down through so it came out under his chin. The man died.

The mosquitoes then decided to follow the woman's track since she could not be far from the camp. When the mosquitoes were near the camp of the people a medicineman advised that mooseskins should be hung all around where the mosquitoes were camped, so that the larger ones at least would not be able to come through. They did this and only the small mosquitoes, those of the present size, were able to come through the holes in the skins. All the big ones were killed with the aid of the medicineman.

The Shiftless Husband.

A man who was camping by himself ran out of food and went with his wife to a lake to get some fish. He went out on the lake and sat by his hook

but came home at night without any fish. His wife wondered what was the matter, for fish had always been taken in that lake. She told her husband that she herself would go fishing the next day. Her husband assented to this. The woman got some fish very quickly. She found her husband had not even cut a hole entirely through the ice, and that was why he had not taken any fish. The woman got a good many.

The man himself had gone to set snares for rabbits but came home without any. The wife wondered why he hadn't caught any, for rabbits were plentiful. "I will go to look after your snares tomorrow," she told him. "All right," he said, "you look after my snares." She found he had merely cleared away the snow on the top of the mountain and sat there all day. He had set two of the snares and thrown the remainder down in the snow. She gathered them up and set them. She caught many rabbits which she took home with her. The man had spent the day fishing but had not caught any fish, for he had not gotten the hook into the water.

Now the woman suspected what sort he was. If it had not been for his wife he would have starved. They lived through the winter because of the woman's effort. He was not a manlike fellow and had concluded he could not live anyway.[1]

A Young Man Carries about Fire all Winter.[2]

There was a young man who went around alone one winter. He had neglected to provide himself with the proper stones for making fire before the snow came and covered them up. He was therefore obliged to carry fire with him wherever he went. He was without food and starving one night when he killed a partridge. He scraped away the snow, built a fire, and cooked the partridge. He ate the bird and when he had finished dropped the feet in the snow behind him.

The next day he went on and wandered about for many days without being able to kill anything. Finally, he came back to the same place and cleared away the snow for a fire. As the fire melted the snow away he saw the discarded partridge feet. He then recognized his former camping place. He picked up the feet and ate them. That night a partridge came to him in his sleep and said, "You were proud. You were too proud to eat my feet as other people do, but now you want to have them. You are miserable and about to die, but from now on you will be all right. By

[1] When the point of the story was asked for, the informant said this man was the first of such men. Because he was a shiftless man we still have them.

[2] Obtained in English from Ike through John Bourassa.

tomorrow night you will have plenty to eat. The next day he went about thinking all day long he would find some game as had been promised. Night came without his having had a chance to kill anything. He moved the snow away and built his fire against a drift that the heat might be reflected toward him. He sat there wondering that an animal should deceive him by making a promise that had not been fulfilled. As the fire grew hot he heard a sound like the frying of grease. He kept pushing the fire together and as he did so the sound was heard again. He finally noticed the drift of snow covered a moose which had been killed in the fall when it was fat. The fire had been built near the hips of the moose and the choicest parts were ready cooked. He had the whole moose to himself and was all right after that.

A Man Overcomes Obstacles in Rescuing his Sisters.[1]

A man who had just come home was scolded by his wife and went out again. The wife thought that he had gone out without any particular intention, but asked her son to look for his father. The boy wondered what was the matter and replied that his father was still standing there.

The man had run off. The woman looked after him and then set out to follow him. He had just come back from killing a caribou and he took along the head, dragging it behind him. His wife followed the mark left by the dragged head and by the bones which lay along the way. After a time she turned back, but the man kept on. Finally, he came to the trail of some strange people and followed it until he overtook them. He thought they were people but they were really partridges. They gave him some of their food. He went on again and found another trail which he followed. They were porcupines this time. They gave him some of their food, pitch, which seemed to him to be meat.

This man's two sisters had been taken by a people who lived at a great distance and he was going to get them back. After a time he saw their trail and followed it until he overtook them. He found they were both married to the same man. When he told his sisters that he had come for them, they told him their husband was such a powerful man it was no use, he could do nothing to help them. The young man declared that having come so far for them he would not go back without them.

His brother-in-law had killed a moose and told his wives to bring the meat before it spoiled. "This is our chance," the young man said, "now

[1] Dr. Lowie has this story but with many differences, pp. 193–4, above.

we will start back." They traveled toward their homes day and night without stopping to sleep. Finally sleep was overpowering them and they lay down. When they got up in the morning their way was barred by a sheer cliff no man could climb. The girls began to cry but their brother said they would lie down and sleep again. When they got up the next time the cliff had disappeared.

They went on again toward their homes until sleep again forced them to lie down. When they awoke, a lake which they could not cross lay in front of them. The brother told them to lie down again. When they got up the next time a narrow neck of land ran across the lake on which they were able to pass to the other side.

When they came back to their home they found their father so old he could not get up. The man's wife had been in the prime of life when he left and now her hair was white. The man who had made the journey was a young man when he set out. It had been a long time since he left but it did not seem so to him. He thought it was only a short time before. That was a powerful man who by supernatural power made a long journey, although it did not seem long to him.

A Stolen Wife is Recovered from beyond the Sea.[1]

A man left a large camp in which he had many brothers and camped alone with his wife. As they moved about they came to a large lake that one could not see across and camped by it. One day while he was away, hunting, someone stole his wife. He could see where she had been taken along, for as she resisted being pulled along she pulled out herbs and tore off brush which she dropped by the way. The husband followed until he came to a place where he could see across the sea. When the man who had captured the women came there with her she had asked him to shoot some partridges which were in sight for her. The man shot them and gave them to her. They got into the canoe to cross the sea on the further shore of which the man lived. The canoe was still in sight when the husband came to the shore. He called to him, "Agia, my partner, bring my wife back." The man in the canoe shot several arrows at the husband saying, "These are all you will get." They went on until they were out of sight. The husband resolved to do something about it; he was not going to lose his wife without an effort to recover her.

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[1] Obtained in English from Ike through John Bourassa.

He had with him some beaver teeth which he always carried, for according to his dream, he could do anything he wished with them. He put them by the water's edge and said, "I want these to turn into a good canoe tonight." Then he went back to the large camp where his brothers-in-law were and told them someone had stolen his wife. He asked them to go with him and help him fight to get her back. They went with him and when they came to the shore of the lake a fine canoe was floating there, where he had left the beaver teeth. They paddled out on the lake in it. The woman knowing her husband would come after her, had strewed the partridge feathers along the way they had gone. Where they stopped for the night she put the wing feathers. This she did until they were across. The men who were coming behind them followed the trail of the feathers stopping for the night where the long feathers were found. When they came near the shore they saw many canoes drawn up on the beach. There was no camp there, only a small shelter of poles from which smoke was coming out. The pursuers went in and found an old man there and an old woman. There were fish hanging there which the hosts roasted for their guests. After they had eaten they asked the old woman if a stranger had brought a woman there. "Oh yes," the old woman replied, "a man named 'Rabbit-tail' (gatce) brought a fine woman from the other side of the lake. This morning the camp was moved a little way over where there is plenty of wood." Hoping to deceive the old woman who did not know them, they asked if this man's tipi was different in any way from the others. "Yes," she said, "an otterskin is always hanging at the top of it. When you see that you will know it is his tipi." Seeing a number of fine spears behind the old woman's lodge they asked her about them. She replied that they belonged to Rabbit-tail who used them to kill people. The strangers asked to be allowed to examine them and the old woman passed them over. Having examined them they killed the old man and old woman with them.

They went to the new camp where they found the tipis already up but the women were still cutting wood. The husband hid near his wife and called her to him. She said the chief would be hard to kill for he had horns on his head. The husband said they would remain there that night. He told her to get her captor to sharpen her knife which was dull. When they went to bed she was advised to play with her husband for a long time so that he would sleep soundly. Just at daybreak they would rush the camp and when she heard them coming she was to cut the man's throat with the knife he would have newly sharpened for her. Then she was to rush out before Rabbit-tail's mother, a medicine woman, sleeping on the other side of the fire, could do anything. Just as day was breaking the next morning they rushed the camp and the stolen wife cut the man's throat and ran out.

The old woman asked what dog was lapping up blood. It was the blood gurgling from her son's throat she heard. The attacking party killed the old woman and everyone else in the camp, using the spears they had taken.

The man started back with his wife. When they came to the lake they broke all the canoes they found there before they recrossed.[1]

The Treacherous Wife.

There was a man whose tipi stood by itself. His wife was carried off by the Cree during his absence. He looked for her in vain; it seemed she was completely lost. His brother-in-law helped him look for her for a time and then gave it up. The husband started out alone thinking she had been stolen by people from a distance. He finally saw his wife as she was coming for water. "You are still alive," he said to her. "I am in distress from a lack of moccasins." The woman did not speak to him. She had not believed he would follow her.

He sat there waiting for her at the shore end of a sharp point of land that ran out into the lake. The woman went up to the camp and reported that there was a stranger sitting down below. As soon as she said it the men who were sitting about the camp rushed down after him. They caught him and built a platform on which they put him with a big fire underneath to roast him alive. The man was screaming as he slowly roasted.

There was an old man living a short distance away all of whose children, except one daughter, had been killed. He heard a man screaming over at the camp and said to his daughter, "Go and see what my son is saying." The girl went over there and sure enough the man who was screaming was just like her older brother whom they believed had been killed. She looked at him and went back to her father saying, "Father, the one who is making that noise is just like my brother." The old man put on his war outfit and went over there. When he came where the man was being cooked he said to them, "What is this you are doing? You are cooking a man that looks like my son." They took him down from the platform and carried him home to the old man's camp. There the father made him well again with his supernatural power.

There were many people living there who were not like human beings. They had killed the old man's children. The old man did not hunt and

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[1] It was explained that since the horns were on the sides of the man's head he had to sleep on his back and it was easy to cut his throat.

They crossed the lake in three days traveling fast with supernatural power.

they did that for that reason, and because they were too many for him to resist.

At another time they agreed to have a footrace. The old man said to the young man who had been roasted, "My son they say they are going to have a footrace tomorrow. I am going to bet your sister who is all we have." He was planning that the man's wife should be killed. The old man sang, beating the tipi poles. As he was drumming on them a live bird fell out. He took this bird, fixed it properly, and placed it in his sack. They had the footrace, but the young man paid no attention to it. The father joined in the race having the eagle. Because he was old and not strong they placed him ahead. The old man ran with his legs behind the others. The young man who was over there out of sight went into the bird and ran after them. Before long he passed the others and ran ahead of them. He came back to the camp first of all and took down the meat. The woman who had been his wife was laughing at him. Another woman asked her why she was laughing. That woman had many relatives among the people from whom she had come. Then the man who had married the woman came back and was looking for the meat, but it was gone. "Who has taken it?" he asked. "The man over there took it. He came back first." "There was no one ahead of me as far as I knew. He did that to me because I bet you. Go to the man who has won you," the man said. He sent her to the man whose wife she had been before. When she came to the door she said, "Let us two go over there close to the camp." The man did not say anything to her but to his father said, "I hate her mouth. Do anything you please with her." His father killed her.

A Woman Agrees to Betray her Sons to the Cree.[1]

There was a woman whose husband died leaving her with three small boys. She supported herself and her sons by killing rabbits and other small game. When the boys were grown up and were away one day hunting, a band of Cree came to their camp. They told the woman that they were coming the next morning to kill her sons. They were going to kill her right then unless she promised not to tell the sons. If she did not tell them they would let her live and she might have her choice of the whole band for a husband. She promised on this condition.

The sons came home late and went to bed. The youngest woke up early in the morning and saw his mother looking through a hole in the tipi. She

[1] Secured in English from Ike through John Bourassa.

was saying to herself, "I wish day would come quickly so I may have a husband and be rid of these boys." When the son heard this he pushed a stick through a birchbark dish, lighted it in the fire for a torch, and ran outside. There he found the strangers' tracks. When he told his brothers what he had heard and seen they agreed that they had better go to the larger camp. As they went out the door one of them shot the mother in the throat saying, "You will not have a husband." When the Cree came they found the woman dead.

A Man Avenges his Son-in-law.

A party of Indians went on a war expedition. The strange people for whom they went were not found, and the party turned back. When they came out on a lake there was a black spot in the distance. They thought wolves might have killed a caribou, and ran to it saying they would eat the marrow. One man outran the others and came to it. It was a man's head. The Cree had killed a man, one of their friends. They went up to the shore to a camp where many people were sitting. One of them was the chief who had a son-in-law living there. They counted the people and found the son-in-law was missing. "He has run away. He had no moccasins with him and has frozen to death somewhere. Look around the edge of the camp," his father-in-law said. They found he had left the camp at a certain point and they followed after him. They found his body lying not very far away. His father-in-law just looked at him and since there was nothing he could do he left him.

They followed those Cree and came up to them where they had returned to their tipis which were grouped in two camps. There were many tipis. The father-in-law, indicating the place where the tipis were most numerous, said he would go there alone. He went there by himself and killed them all; not one was left alive. Then he cried. Because he was angry the entire party went to the other camp and killed them all.

They went home and came down to the lake again. The Cree were there again. That too was a war party. They were sitting there by their hooks and did not know anyone was about. One of them was not getting any fish. "I wonder what is the matter?" he said to himself. "I guess it is because the water is too shallow. I will make a hole in the ice further out." He went out to another place where a man was sitting by his hook. The Beaver coming up to him thought it was one of his own people, but it was really a Cree. It was snowing hard when he came up to him. "My brother-in-law you will soon kill fish," he said to him. There was a spear

lying beside the Cree who took it up, thinking it was not a relative. He too had been carrying an ice chisel and killed the Cree with it. He ran away without telling his relatives who were all killed by the Cree. He was the only one to escape to his home alive.

An Old Man Escapes a Plot only to be Killed in Revenge.

There was one old man who camped by himself, living on rabbits which he was taking in snares. He had a wife who was a young girl. A young man who was living with some strange Indians was out hunting and came to the woman. He told her that he would kill the old man when he was out looking after his snares. "If I kill him I will marry you," he told her. When the old man went out to look after his snares the young man went in the same direction. He watched for him behind some willows which were covered with snow. A rabbit had been snared and was hanging high up on the spring pole. When the old man stretched up to pull it down with a wooden hook he carried, the young man shot him. The old man jumped up and the arrow went under him. The old man jumped after the young man who tried in vain to run away. He caught him and killed him.

Because the young man had many relatives the old man ran off. He came to some people who were living far away whom he did not know. They were the relatives of the young man he had killed. He was telling them his experiences when they broke in on him saying, "You are telling us about our youngest brother whom you have killed. We were wondering who killed him and it turns out to be you." They killed the old man, although he was very pitiful.

A Man Wins his Faithless Wives by Wrestling.

There was an old man who was highly respected and the chief of his band. He had two wives. They were starving, for although he was trying to secure beaver he did not succeed in killing any. He thought the women were starving but wondered at the way they were treating him. Occasionally he killed a small beaver. He would give it to the women and ask them to cook it for him. "Take it up away from the water," he would tell them. They would leave only the shoulder of the beaver for him. The old man ate only that. "I think they are trying to starve me," he said to himself. Wondering what they were planning to do, he went to bed. In the morning the two women got up. "Get up," they told the old man, "what is the

matter? You never acted this way before." The two women went off and left him. The old man pretended he was trying hard to get up. "They are alive all right I guess but mean," he said to himself.

He remained there all winter alone. When the snow was all melted he started off in the direction the women had gone. They had both married the same man. The man they had married was also a strong man. "I will go and see my wives' other husband," the old man said.

His rival was not far away. He came to him and they began to wrestle. The man who had taken the women away was thrown down for the other man was the stronger. They say the first man was called, "Strong Man." The other one was strong. He left the man saying, "You wanted them; marry them." He went off and began to chisel for beaver with a moose horn. This happened before there were any white people.

The Rival Husbands.

Once there was a man who, although poor was strong. There was a married man, camped by himself who was not so strong. Having lost his wife to the stronger man, he said to himself, "Why is it he does not kill anything? They will kill my children." He continued living with them in the same camp. The man who had taken the wife away hunted a good deal but did not kill anything. Although the children were about to die of starvation he païd no attention to them. The other man who had always been poor hunted but did not kill anything. Finally, the grandmother of the children said to her son-in-law, "It seems as if your children will starve. Why do you not do something about it?" "Well, get my arrows out," he replied to his mother-in-law.

He hunted along one side of the road until he came to a band of caribou. He killed them all and carried a large quantity of the meat back with him for the children. The poor man who shared the camp with him had said he would move the camp to a considerable distance. The father went back to the road which he followed. He had already passed the new camp. They had not gone further than he had in hunting. Suddenly, he saw the tent standing in front of him. He put the load down outside and went in without it. "Mother-in-law, you will find some partridge dung over there from which you can make some soup for the children," he said. "I brought it for that purpose; bring it inside." His partner spoke up, "I saw it lying there and left it. Do not get it, for my children will choke on it." The old woman brought the load in, and when the other man saw it was meat he was much pleased. They went for the remainder of the meat.

The other man went away hunting the next morning and came home in the evening. His leggings were covered with frozen blood. He did not bring back meat but said they would go for it in the morning. When they came where he claimed to have killed the animals it was apparent the caribou had run away from him. The blood on his leggings was from his nose. He had broken pine brush and covered it with snow thinking it would be mistaken for caribou carcasses. "What is the matter; it is nothing but pine brush. He said it was caribou meat," the father of the children said when he saw it.

They went back and the man who had taken the wife away gave her back, for he concluded he was not capable enough around the camp to have the responsibility of a wife. They say he was that kind of a man.

This happened when they were wearing breechcloths of skin.

A Young Man Tries to Escape the Responsibility of Parenthood.

The people were very hungry. It seemed as if they would not live. They had made a cache and were going to that. When they were not yet in sight of it, the son of an old man suggested they camp about alone. "We cannot do that," his father said, "we shall die." The young man insisted that they camp by themselves. "Are you able to keep the fire pushed together if we do as you say? ' the father asked his son. "Yes, I will keep the fire pushed together," the son promised. "Well, start off in the direction you want to go," the father said. The young man started off and left a big pile of wood as a sign of the place where they were to camp. "Why do not you look after things? You said you would keep the fire pushed together. What is the matter?" his father said. "You said you would push the fire together. You do not act like a man. My children would be fed at the cache and now, because you talked that way, I fear they will die," the old man said. The young man took the snares and set two for moose. Before long the snares made a noise and two moose had been caught. The old man moved the camp to them. "Father, I am going ahead where the other people are," the young man said. "Do not go," his father said, but the boy insisted he would go there.

He started off and came where the other people were. They scolded him because of a woman. Soon after that he went back to his father's camp. The old man was on ahead. A woman had given birth to a child of which he was the father. "My grandchild," the woman said, "I wonder whose it is?" "I guess it is that young man's child," someone said. The old man's wife asked if it was a boy. "Yes, it is a boy," they told her. "Go after him quickly," the old woman said. "I will raise it. I have one child and this one will be his partner and they will hunt together."

Torturing the Enemy.

A man was walking by himself. A Cree, too, was walking from the opposite direction. When they met they sat down by each other and the Cree said, "Brother-in-law, how far away is your camp? My camp is close by." "My camp is a long distance away," the Beaver replied. "While you are waiting for me, break open this beaver house. We will come to you tomorrow morning," the Cree said. While the Beaver was waiting for him he made a fence and beat down the snow, making a trail. Then while he was making the fence several Cree came there.

The old man, the Beaver, was sitting by the others cutting a pole in two. He tried in vain. "Brother-in-law, break it for me," he said. Just as soon as he broke it he stabbed him and killed him. Among those who were coming up was the father of the young man who was stabbed. As soon as he heard his son scream they all began to rush forward. As they were rushing along the Beaver shot them with arrows. He killed them all not leaving a single one alive. The mother of the Cree was coming along. "I killed your sons here," he said. "You are not coming here for nothing." He made a slave of her causing her to suffer terribly. He used to burn her skin. He killed that old woman too. Afterward he took [as slaves] those who had lived with them.

The old man asked if they knew of any people living close by. He was told there were two old blind men who had enough young men to make a war party. "We will go after them," the old man said. When they came there they saw the winter trail in the snow. "Wait for me here and be making camp while I go there," the leader said.

He went to the two blind Cree men, took them by the hair and burned their faces in the fire. "I shall stay here in this condition until my young men get back," one of the old men said. The other old man said the same thing, "I, too, shall remain in the same condition." Then one of the young men was coming home and the Beaver man ran after him and killed him. He really killed them all. There were very many men but he himself alone killed them all. They say that Beaver was a powerful man.

Two Brothers Escape the Enemy by Flight.

Once there were two brothers who were camping together. They were not having good dreams. "We better not do as we are doing," one of them said. "We are doing all right here," the other replied. "We will roast

the beaver and eat it, and remain here until the snow melts." The older brother looked around and then said to his younger brother, "You say we are in a good place. What is that over there?" He looked and saw there were Cree in the direction they were going. "What shall we do?" asked the older brother. "I will carry the beaver," he said. "We will run away," said the older one. "Never mind the beaver, throw it away," the younger one said. "Well, if we get out of this alive it will be hard for us to get along without meat. I will carry it over there," the older brother said.

They ran off and the Cree chased them. They could not get away from the Cree who came up to them and were about to kill them. The younger brother was usually able to run very fast but he could not run like that now. "He will be killed; he is clumsy with fright," the older brother said to himself. His legs were pounding together with fear. Then he ran like a moose and got some distance from the Cree. "You carry this beaver," the older brother said. "Never mind it, we will throw it away," the younger brother replied. "Do not do that. Carry it," he insisted. Then he consented to carry it and they ran away from the Cree nevertheless.

After they had been running three nights they made a camp and slept. They roasted the beaver and ate it. After that they lived happily again. They were very tired but after they had eaten they were all right again.

A Man and his Wife are Saved by Lightning.

Some people came by who were not known. They took a fancy to a young married man and invited him to accompany them. He refused emphatically but when they insisted he went away with them. They were people who lived a long way off and he went with them a great distance to their country.

When they got there the young man began to starve. There was nothing he could do. He became weak. There was no meat and they gave him nothing to eat. He got so weak he walked with difficulty. "Well, never mind," they said, "he will die. We will cross the large lake. The wind is very strong and cold against a man's face. Let the cold kill him." "We will take his wife," they were saying to themselves. "Do not stay here," they told her, "Go away. Do not wait for him. If you wait for him, you too will die." They gave the man a piece of wood about four inches long. He did not take it but gave it to his wife. "If something happens suddenly do not let go of it," he said to her. The woman moved her tipi.

The people could still be seen on the lake when the lightning struck among them. Not a flake of snow was left. There were many of the people

and of them not one dark spot was left. The lightning had killed them all. There was just one dark speck out on the ice. The young man hurried out to see what it was. It was his wife and she was breathing a little. He took her back to his camp. There seemed to be no hope of their living, for their country was far away. "Although things are as they are, we will start back and go as far as we can before we die," he said. They started back with nothing but their bare hands. With nothing to live on they were helpless. They were beginning to die of starvation when they suddenly came to an old beaver house. "I will set a net in the water for beaver," he said to himself. "Make a fire and wait some place nearby for me," he told his wife. He caught two beaver. They started back and traveled far with this food they had secured. When the beaver meat was gone and they were starving again they came where a large bear was lying. With that for food they came back until they reached their own land where there were small birds which served for food until they got back home. It was hard for them but they lived through it. Those people were like human beings but their only food was the flesh of foxes.[1] The others were not accustomed to foxes and the flesh was tough for them.

A Beaver Kills an Entire Band of Cree.[2]

There was a large camp of Indians at Hay Lake where they were spending the winter living on fish. A young married man, not caring for fish, was camping by himself at some distance, living on rabbit. Fearing an attack, he took the precaution of keeping a trail broken between his camp and the large camp on the lake. He did this by going over it with his snowshoes once a month.

One morning while he was visiting his snares as usual his wife was sitting in the tipi lacing a pair of snowshoes. Her little boy who was just beginning to talk was playing beside her. The child looked into the dish of water in which the hide for lacing the snowshoes was being dampened, and said to the mother, "Whose face is that in the water?" The mother looked in the vessel and saw the reflection of the face of an enemy looking in over the door. Feeling sure there would be no attack in the daytime, the woman made no sign and went on rapidly with her work. The spy withdrew.

When her husband came home she asked him why he had peeked in

[1] The informant said a tribe known as "Fox-eaters" used to live toward the south. The distance is indicated by the amount of food consumed by them, which the informant thought ought to have been sufficient for a very long journey.

[2] Obtained in English from Ike through John Bourassa.

over the door. Is not this your own tipi?" she asked him. The husband asked her if she was sure someone had done that. "Yes," she said, "even the child noticed him. His track must be outside." "I have been expecting this," the man replied. "That is why I kept the trail to the large camp open. That is why I made the snowshoes, I wanted them to fight with. Hurry and finish lacing them by night, if you can. When it is dark so they cannot see you, you must take the child and go to the main camp. I will stay here and fight them alone. If we all go together to the big camp the enemy will follow and kill a good many."

By hurrying, the woman finished lacing the snowshoes by dusk and, taking the child, went to the large camp, leaving her husband alone. Near morning, before the usual time of attacking, the man built a good fire and went out of the tipi taking his snowshoes and weapons. He sat down in the brush nearby to watch. At daybreak, a large party of the enemy attacked with much shouting. They surrounded the tipi and stabbed it through and through. Not hearing anyone, a man went in and called to those on the outside, "There is no one here." "Yes there is," the man called from his hiding place. He started to run on his large snowshoes which kept him on the surface of the snow. Making use of his medicine, he called for a south wind. It came and the party pursuing him began to sweat and drop off their clothes. When he had led them a long ways from their clothes he called for a north wind. It came, and the sweating enemy turned to go back for their abandoned clothing. On their way back they huddled around fires trying to keep warm. The man now turned on them and speared them, half frozen by their fires and killed them all.

He traveled all day to reach the large camp, fearing for the safety of his wife and child. As he approached the camp he heard the head man wailing for his supposed death. "No," the man said, "I am not dead this time. I killed them all."

A Man Saves his Parents-in-law from Starving.

One time the people were starving and were traveling where there was a cache. One old woman was so hungry she sat down. Her son-in-law on ahead knew that his mother-in-law had sat down. His brother was far away. "Sit here and wait for me," he said to her. "If I go in the timber, and if you hear something do not pay any attention to it." Her son-in-law made a noise by breaking a stick, but she did not go to him. She could almost see her son-in-law, who was making a noise with his bowstring. He had killed two cow moose.

His father-in-law had been sitting over there with his wife. The son-in-law went again to bring the meat. His father-in-law who had killed a bear, had also gone for the meat. They met each other there and traveled on happily.

Because the other people had deserted them, they did not follow after them. They lived happily where they were, using the meat of the animals which they had killed for food. Some time after, they followed the remainder of the band, and came to the cache. The meat was gone. These first comers moved away again, but they did not succeed in killing anything and they nearly died of starvation. Those who came last had meat, but they did not share with those who came first to the cache.

A Man, Frightened by his Wife, Kills Swimming Caribou.

A man and his wife were sitting where the caribou cross the lake. It looked as if they would starve to death. There were no caribou. Then suddenly there were two caribou swimming across. He had a canoe there into which he went and started to paddle toward the caribou. He did not paddle long and did not kill them, but turned around and started to paddle back. "What is the matter?" his wife said to herself. She was very hungry. He was paddling close to her. "What is the matter? We were about to die before; now we cannot live," the woman was thinking. The deer were swimming over there in the middle of the lake. The man was paddling close and she spread her legs toward him. He was afraid and paddled away from her. He really left her and killed the caribou, and they blew ashore where the woman was sitting. The woman sat there, but the man was gone; he was far away. "I think he deserted me," she said to herself. She did not know where the people were and feared she would die. Then he came back to her.

An Entire Band is Killed by the Cree.

A band of Indians were traveling in a starving condition. They were hastening frantically towards a fish lake. "We shall get there tomorrow," they were saying. They came to the lake the next evening only to find the Cree there. When they came to an open place each party saw the other. There was nothing they could do so they began to kill each other. There were many of the Cree and they were stronger than the Beaver. The Beaver were not able to kill a single one of the Cree but were themselves

killed to a man. Then the women and children came along behind and the Cree killed them all. They were slaughtered to the last one.

A Cree, Caught Alone, is Killed by the Beaver.

Some young men were out in the caribou country camping and snaring game. They visited their snares frequently. Four young men were out in the morning to look after the snares. When they were coming back they saw one man had passed along wearing round snowshoes. "This must be a Cree and we will kill him," they said. They hurried after him. He was going toward their camp. He came out on a lake and was walking along ahead. The young men ran after him and caught hold of him. "Tell us what you are going after. Did you ever kill people?" they asked him. "Yes, I have killed people but they weren't like people. They were bad people. Those are the only ones I have killed," he replied. He meant the friends of these young men. They stabbed him through the body and put the body in the water. Those young men killed him.

A Man Scares off the Cree with a Gun.

They were living there when one of them felt there was something wrong. He asked the people to keep good watch. The next morning the Cree attacked them. This old man had one gun and four bullets. His tipi was the last one in the row. When the Cree were coming there he fired the gun. He had planned what he would do. He killed the Cree who was running ahead and the others ran back. The Cree thought he had a gun and were afraid. That was a tough old man. They say he wintered on his flesh.

The old man had found the gun with four bullets lying beside it at a place where some people had been killed. He had kept it without firing it and now he killed a man with it. Then they say the old man had the use of it.

The Beaver, their Arrows having been used on Buffalo, are Killed by the Cree.

The man went out after buffalo and killed them all. A woman told them she had seen some Cree. The men told her she was lying. They had expended all their arrows on the buffalo and had only their bare hands to fight with. The Cree came upon them and killed many of them. The Beaver killed only five of the Cree.

A Man and his Wife Alone Escape the Cree.

At first the people were starving. One man was nearly starved. They were hurrying to the lake for fish. "We will get to the fish by tomorrow," they said. When they came down to the lake the Cree were there and killed them all except the miserable man. He was the only one that survived. He had started back after his wife and met her when she was nearly to the lake. He called to her to come to him. She went there and they cleared away the snow and lay down and slept four days without a fire. When the sun rose they got up and the man started over to the lake. Out on it was a black spot which proved to be the bodies of the people who had been killed. Not one of the Beaver was alive.

A Woman Hides Bear Meat from her Starving Husband.

Once a band of Indians were traveling about starving. There was one man who was a poor hunter and no one fed him. Then the man's wife found a bear and hid it from the others. The man did not know about it either. He had been some distance ahead and returned to find his wife gone. He wondered what was the matter and turned back to look for her. When he came back close he stood listening, for he feared the Cree were about. He heard his children asking for fat. "Why do the children say that?" he said to himself. When he came home nothing but bear fat was to be seen. He was frightened. The woman was hiding it. "Since you have hidden it for a short time, you must continue to hide well," he said. They were with the people and had eaten up a bear without their knowing it. They had not secured fish and the children were about to die of starvation, yet she had hidden the bear. The woman was not feeding that man. They had been many places for fish, but they had not killed any when suddenly they began to kill fish. He lived well with the people. They all lived until the snow melted.

Starving Beaver Visit the Rocky Mountains.[1]

Many Beaver Indians were traveling together. It was winter and the snow was deep. They had no knives, axes, or guns. They made snow-

[1] It has happened within recent years, that small parties of Indians, hunting in a vast, unexplored territory, west of Vermilion, have wandered from their hunting-grounds to those of the Fort St. John Indians, and Indians from Fort St. John appear in the neighborhood of Vermilion.

shoes with stones and beaver teeth for tools. They were having a hard time and dying of starvation. They kept dying until only three men were alive who set out to find other people. They were traveling along and were in a bad way for food when they killed a porcupine. Having eaten that, they slept, and one of them dreamed of the place where people were living. The next morning they started in that direction, and continued until they came to the Rocky Mountains which they climbed. They were traveling there with great difficulty, when suddenly they saw a fire. They came to the people who had the fire, and found them well supplied with meat. Those three men were saved. Then when summer came again, they came back in this direction to their own country.

Fournier's Family Escape Starvation.[1]

After that I was married and had children. The oldest one was beginning to kill moose when I moved my camp to a distant place, where there proved to be no moose. The lack of food was very pressing, and for a month there was not even a porcupine. When the people had become weak, I suddenly killed a moose, but it was quickly eaten up. Then I moved where there used to be fish. Again, I was so weak I could not walk, when my son killed a young moose. With that for food I went on again and camped where the fish were. The band killed many fish and were saved.

The Escape of the Brothers from the Beaver Lodge.

There were two young brothers who went in under a beaver lodge. They were waiting there listening to detect the beaver. While they were there, a party of Cree came and killed the people at the camp. The young men did not find it out, but the Cree saw them and came to the hole which they had cut in the beaver lodge and brought a quantity of dry wood which they pushed in and set on fire. The men inside were in great distress, and could hardly breathe on account of smoke. They were about to die and there was nothing they could do to help themselves. They plunged into the water, for they knew that down stream there was a hole which had been cut through the ice. The older brother succeeded in reaching the hole and came out. I suppose he did not do it without some reason.[2] His younger brother was behind him, for the older brother had said, "Keep right behind

[1] Told by an old man, a former chief, named Fournier.

[2] Interpolated by the narrator to explain that the man had supernatural help in escaping.

me." He felt for his brother and caught him by the foot just as he was passing the opening. They both got out safely and went away and hid. The clothes they had on, being wet, froze. They were nearly frozen to death, but escaped.

There were no white people here at that time. They had a hard time because of the Cree who were always killing them. This happened when they had breechcloths of skin.

The Killing of the Children Avenged.

The men were away after buffalo and their wives were moving the camp along after them. There was one woman living with them. "When you were named Wind-crossing-each-other, you used to say they (the Cree) are coming after us." "Yes," she said.

This woman (?) who was coming along behind them turned off on another road. She made a road far from that place, not stopping to sleep until it was daylight. When one could see, the young buffaloes were coming from way over there. They drank up all the water. All the children were saying, "Mother, father, here is mother's camp." Now strange people had killed all the children. All the children had followed her along the upper road. She had put them in a hole there.

An old woman ran from there to where the men were killing the buffalo and said, "Come, our children have all been killed. The men started running on the snow without their moccasins. They were crying because their children were all killed. There was one boy, the old woman's son, who did not care. "Do as you please," he told them. "I will come in the morning." He did not care, he simply pulled the meat out of his mouth. When it was nearly daylight he started. The others were lying on the ground with cramps. He went after the others. They were crying because their children had been killed. He cut off the ears of some of them and let them suffer still living. He made them like the rest of his relatives. "Let them suffer," he said and so he had revenge.[1]

The Killing of the Women Avenged.

The men were away after buffalo; only the women were sitting around the camp when the Cree came and killed them all. There were no men

[1] Both the text and the interpretation were so poorly done that the narrative is hardly intelligible.

there. One old woman went where the men were and told them. The men went back where the women were, but the Cree were gone. The men started after them, and when they overtook them, they killed them all. They did not leave one alive because they had killed their wives.

A Man Finds Beaver in Small Places.

One man went to get beaver. "I should be able to kill beaver even in very small places," he said to himself. He went back and asked someone to go with him after beaver and muskrats. He said they could go behind and drive the muskrats ahead so they might kill them in a small beaver place and eat them all up. They went there and started after them and the muskrats ran off ahead of them. When he came back there again the men were sitting at the small beaver place. "We will eat it all up," he said. "We will make a hole under his food and go in there. Far up there they came to the end. They looked for him there but he was not to be found. Then one man went into a minkskin and looked for him. Then he found him and started after him. There at the end he pushed the wood out. He went home again.

Then they were very hungry. "Go look for some sticks," he told them. They looked for them and found a stick. When they were looking for it they saw the beaver sitting. They killed them all. The people were pleased.

Putting the Enemy to sleep by Magic.

Two men started out to kill people. As they were going along the road they saw a large number of people sitting down. The two men were not themselves seen. "Well, let us get away from them," said the elder brother, and they turned back. "Let us shoot them anyway," said the younger brother. "There are too many people, we will get caught," the older one insisted. "Let us shoot them anyway," the younger brother repeated and pointed his gun at them again. "We will get caught, there are too many of them," the older said again. "Well, turn back, if you are afraid," the younger one said, and they turned back. "I will fool them," one of them said. They put their weapons on the ground and went where the people from a distant country were sitting. When these people saw them they asked the young men what they were looking for. They replied that they were not out on a foolish errand but belonged to a large party who were traveling over by the river. They had gone off by themselves because they

had been scolded. They proposed that four young men should return with them.

With these four men they came down to a very large river. After sunset they went to bed. One of the two young men tried to make them sleep by use of supernatural power. "One of them must be a powerful medicineman," he said to himself. After considerable time he caused them all to sleep. "Now," he said to his companion, and they killed them all with their knives.

A Blind Man's Attempt at Defence.

Once a party went to war. After they had been traveling some time they came where people were living. Thinking they had found the people they were seeking, they went into the tipi to visit them. An old man [1] sitting there asked them where they were going. They replied that they were just camping about. The old man, suspecting they were not telling the truth, asked a boy if there were children in the party. The boy told his grandfather, "No." "That is what I thought," the old man replied. "If they were camping about there would be children along."

Then those who were visiting him said, "Grandfather, what did you say? You talk a foreign language all the time." The old man sat with one foot on a knife with which he was intending to kill them. He was blind and did not know the knife was partly in sight. He reached behind his back and found some choice pieces of meat which he took out and roasted. He ate it by himself thinking that it was his last meal. He did not offer food to his guests.

Just then his son-in-law came back and entered the tipi. "I want a drink," he said to his wife. "I think the water is all gone." "You are not an old man, get it yourself," the old man said. He took up the vessel and went for the water. He had left his snowshoes and bow and arrows at some distance from the camp because he did not recognize the visitors and suspected they were only pretending to pay a visit. Instead of getting the water he went back where he had left his things, and taking them, started to run away. When the strangers saw him, they called to him, "What are you doing, my friend? You are running away and we are paying you a visit." The young man ran on until he was out of sight.

The old man was holding his foot on the knife so that the knife was

[1] This old blind man's name was deskį, a "Rocky Mountain" Indian, (tsa^{e}t'ū) that is, Fort St. John Beaver.

projecting a little. "He will do something," the guests said in Cree. They folded up a blanket and put it between themselves and him, saying he would mistake it for a man. The old man did as they thought he would. He stabbed the blanket thinking it was a man. The men then ran out and began to shoot at him from a distance. They killed him. He too was shooting at the strangers and nearly killed a man although he could not see them. "If he had not been blind we would not have succeeded in killing him," they said to each other.

They killed all his wives. They were hunting for that man for his band was bad and had been annoying the Indians.

A Battle on an Island.— First Version.

A large war party set out and traveled a long way looking for the enemy. They did not find them but came down to a large river. "We shall not find them," they said, among themselves. Someone sang some songs to locate them and said that the enemy were living not far downstream. The party went on and came where they could see them. The enemy were camped on an island with strong rapids surrounding it and they were difficult to attack. They had killed some people and were protecting themselves in this manner.

Toward evening one of the attacking party sang a song and caused all the enemy to sleep but one man who did not yield. Another of the party said he would try and sang a song against him, making him fall asleep. They attempted to cross to the island but the water was strong and they were being carried downstream with only their heads projecting above the water. One of the men then told the others to take hold of him and not to let go. Forming a chain, they succeeded in swimming across to the island. When they were ready to go to the enemy for the attack they saw some geese sitting there. One of the geese was about to make an outcry when one of the men told the goose not to do it. The goose obeyed. They rushed upon the enemy and killed them. There was one man who did not die although they stabbed him all over. He jumped in the water and disappeared. They did not find his body. It was difficult, but they succeeded in killing them all.

The people who were killed were not Cree but a people called Tsıt'u.[1] They say those people had never seen white men.

[1] They were said to be the band of deskı, the old man whose death is related in the previous story.

A Battle on an Island.— Second Version.[1]

Once long ago there was a band of Indians who kept killing people. It was not known who they were or to what tribe they belonged. Finally there was a medicineman [2] who after being importuned for a long time said he knew where this band was to be found. A large company of young men agreed to go with this man and make war on the Indians. He led them toward the mountains across from Dunvegan. When the party came to the mountains, the medicineman said the people they sought were not far away and that they might see them tomorrow.

After they had slept he told them that the enemy were nearby. He said that soon a deer driven by the flies would run right into the party. They were to kill the deer and take only a little of the meat. A little beyond that they would come to an open place which they should not cross. Perhaps from there something could be seen. As had been foretold they met with the deer and then came to the bank of a river. They saw the camp on the opposite side with many canoes drawn up on the shore. There were many men in sight. The medicineman directed them to wait until morning to make the attack. One of the party made medicine to cause the enemy to sleep soundly. Early in the morning, they crossed the river. A flock of geese were about to make an outcry when the medicineman made a motion toward the ground and told them to keep still which they did. As they approached the camp, a dog started to bark and ran toward the camp. They all rushed forward thinking the camp would be alarmed by the dog. They ran so fast one of the young men overtook the dog and killed it with a knife. The medicine-making had been so effective no one was wakened by the barking of the dog. They killed them all but one man who ran and jumped in the river. As he jumped, one of the attacking party disemboweled him. Neither he nor his body was seen again.

A Dog-Rib Kills Some Men.

One time a Dog-Rib who was making a camp ready for those who were coming said to some Beaver, "There are fox holes where you are." He said it because he thought he might kill them. The Beaver went in and began to shoot. They killed many of the Beaver but a few got away. They killed them as they ran. It was his younger brother who did this.

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[1] Obtained from Ike in English through John Bourassa.

[2] Fournier, who was sitting by, said this man was his mother's grandfather.

It was on account of the Cree. They were very miserable on account of them. Before white people came they were hunting each other. The Cree were trying to kill the Beaver. Now they have made friends with each other and nothing happens now.

The Killing of the Trader at Fort St. John.—First Version.

A white man gave the young man orders but notwithstanding, he went back to his people. The trader was angry and killed the boy with medicine (poison). His friends knew this had happened and went to the post [1] and killed the trader. The young men attached to the post had gone for wood in a boat. The Beaver were lying in wait for them. When they returned and the white men stepped ashore they shot them and killed them all. The steersman jumped into the water. He came to the surface far out in the stream. They shot at him and killed him. They took the goods from the store and lived many years on them. When they were gone they lived with their bows and arrows. They remained in the woods and did not visit a white man's house because they were afraid. From that time they increased, living with their bows and arrows, not having gunpowder.

The Killing of the Trader at Fort St. John.—Second Version.

It seems that the white traders first had a trading post at Pine River. The Beaver Indians killed the man in charge of the post, and all his servants. After that these Indians kept away from white people, and were afraid to go near them thinking they would be killed. Some time after they built another post which has remained until the present time.

Childbirth Customs.

When a woman is going to have a baby, she goes outside to some out-of-the-way place and gives birth to a baby by a brush-sheltered fire. It makes no difference whether the weather be warm or cold. After the child is born she stays by herself a month without coming into the camp. She must not travel on the winter trail, but makes one for herself along one side of it.

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[1] This refers to the trading post at Fort St. John, called by the Beaver gûtkwe, "Spruce House." The first post stood on the east side of North Pine River, near where it enters the Peace.

She is not permitted to cross a man's trail. She does not eat any part of the head of a moose. After one month has passed she goes back to her own tipi.

A Description of Primitive Life.

Formerly, before white people were known, they were living in a miserable way. They were making their living with snares and bows and arrows. They used a piece of horn to chisel for beaver, and it was a very miserable way. There was no iron at that time, and the beaver chisels were made of moose horn. That they might see the beaver under the ice, they made shovels of wood to remove the snow. When they had no iron, they used beaver teeth[1]. The one who made this world told us it would be that way. They made fire by rubbing two stones together with dry grass rubbed fine for tinder. They made their houses and firewood with their hands. They made knives by rubbing stones sharp, with which they cut the meat they ate.

They say that living that way the people were near starvation. They were close to dead people, living that way. When they had no meat in their bellies, they used to put pine brush under their belts. There was nothing inside of them, and the brush enabled them to breathe without bending.

When, at first, they were living with snares, they used to put trees in a row, leaving a passageway between. When the moose passed along there, they were caught in the snares. When they had no combs they made combs of pine-brush.

Hunting Experiences.—Dunvegan Dialect.

I had been hunting all day without seeing a track when toward sunset I started toward some distant pines. Just at dusk I came near a bluff and there I saw a moose track. A strong wind was blowing. "I wish I had seen your track in the day time," I said to myself.

I started after the moose and when I was about to pass behind the pines I looked ahead and saw a moose standing by a tree. I came up to it, raised my gun and aimed it. I could not see the sights of the gun. My father had told me to put snow on the end of the gun when shooting at night. I did this and aimed low when I saw nothing and then high, gradually lower-

[1] The teeth were left attached to the jawbone. Petitot (p. 136) has a story of a giant who had the teeth of a giant beaver for a knife.

ing the gun until it seemed to me right when I shot. The moose ran along one side of me. I looked for it again toward the west and again saw it standing. I reloaded the gun and again put snow on the end of the barrel. I raised the gun again until I thought it was aimed right and fired. The moose ran in the same direction again.

As I went after the moose again I saw something dark on the snow. "What is it?" I thought to myself and taking some of it up I put it in my mouth. It was blood and I thought I had killed the moose. I went where there was something dark under a tree. I took up a stick and stabbed it under its head. I had killed it.

II

We were making a road and carrying some traps we were going to set. My brother-in-law and my elder brother went on ahead while I set a trap. I came where my brother-in-law was sitting by a little creek. He was killing himself with laughter. I asked him why he was laughing and he told me to look. A marten and a weasel were fighting. Although the weasel is small, he is smart. We sat there watching them. Just as we decided to shoot and kill the marten they started to fight again. "Fight hard," my brother-in-law told them and they ran off. We killed nothing after all.

III

It happened once when I was a boy that I was after a bear. The bear chased me and when he came up to me my gun would not go off. I threw it away and fled empty handed. I pulled out my knife and ran under a leaning tree and jumped back over it. The bear did the same and we jumped toward each other. The bear struck out with his foreleg and I disemboweled him with the knife which was two-edged.

IV

I had a single-barreled gun when two dogs were barking in front of a grizzly's den. The bear ran out after the dogs but my gun would not go off. The cap came off. The bear chased me all about until I bit the cap together and then the gun went off. The bullet broke the bear's backbone.

V

I went with dogs after a moose in the early morning. The dogs barked at the moose which stood still and then ran after the dogs. It ran so close to me, it stepped on my snowshoes. It was so close I could hear its heart

beat. I was holding the gun by its muzzle and I fired. The moose fell and I jumped off the snowshoe. Its leg was sticking through the snowshoe. I skinned the moose and went home to my tipi.

Dispersion of the Tribes.— Dunvegan Dialect.

A dog was seen by a woman to defile a quiver of arrows. She told the owner who said he would clean them, but his younger brother said if that happened to his arrows the one who did it would soon fall over (dead). The dog that did it was standing there and the man took his bow, shot the dog and killed it. The men then all got up and began fighting. Many were killed and the remainder fled, some in one direction and some in another.[1]

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[1] The narrator said this happened when the various tribes were separated at the beginning of the world.

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